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EDITORIAL

POLITICS OF RESTRAINT

With every passing crisis on the global stage, President Reagan refines his masterful command of bluster as the amoral equivalent of war or the fatuous extension of diplomacy by other means. His response to the attack on the South Korean airliner (see page 195) was a first-strike propaganda barrage covering a plaintive request for Soviet reparations that any liberal editorial writer could have dashed off without half a thought. His reaction to the recent battle deaths of four Marines in Lebanon has so far amounted to a few pops offshore from a ship's battery. And all this from a man who was thought likely to launch nuclear attacks when his foes so much as sneezed.

Reagan's restraint in these current conflicts is welcome, but it is shot full of ominous contradictions. First, it is the product of an absence of diplomatic finesse, a failure of analysis, an ignorance of history, rather than of a grasp of foreign affairs. In the Middle East, for example, Reagan has been at a loss to restrain the disastrous policies of his client Israeli government or confront the realities of Arab power and Palestinian aspirations. As a consequence, he has been drawn into the unending Lebanese civil war—the Platonic ideal of a no-win situation.

At the same time, Reagan's apparent caution is derived from the most opportunistic assessment of his electoral requirements for 1984. At the moment, he sees that voters are fearful of nuclear war and opposed to the use of American troops in the defense of Chadian or Salvadoran regimes, but supportive of "fortress America" defenses. If he cannot find a war as neat and winnable as Margaret Thatcher's Falklands escapade, he may keep cool for another year. The danger comes, however, when the opportunities change, and when bluster is no longer enough.

AN AMERICAN IN PARIS
Calvin Trillin

THE STRUGGLE IN MOSCOW
Stephen F. Cohen

WORLD GOVERNMENT RECONSIDERED
Sidney Lens

REPLIES
Richard Falk
Kirkpatrick Sale
Paul M. Sweezy

MURDER BY GENDER
Ann Jones

THRILLERS
Robert Lekachman

LIBERAL MOMENTUM

THE WARREN COURT–IT STILL LIVES

STEPHEN GILLERS

Thirty years have passed since President Eisenhower named Earl Warren Chief Justice of the Supreme Court. On October 3, the Court begins its fifteenth term under Chief Justice Warren E. Burger, who succeeded Warren in 1969. During the past fourteen years, Republican Presidents have appointed two-thirds of the Court's members. Yet the Warren Court's legacy persists, weakened in some areas, strengthened in others. How can that be explained? What are the impending threats to the legacy?

The answers to those questions encompass the Court's work and membership since the early 1960s. As we shall see, the story has a hero—William J. Brennan, the Court's longest-sitting Justice. Brennan was appointed in 1956, so his tenure spans most of the Warren and all of the Burger years. It is increasingly clear that he deserves much of the credit for fashioning the legal theories that could support the progressive decisions of the last quarter-century, and for then persuading a majority of his colleagues to accept them. That achievement in large part explains the survival and occasional extension of precedents from the Warren era.

After President Kennedy named Arthur J. Goldberg to the Court, in 1962, it had a majority of Justices (Warren, Hugo L. Black, William O. Douglas, Brennan and Goldberg) whose willingness to protect individual rights was unparalleled in its history. Civil libertarians had no reason for alarm when Goldberg resigned to become U.S. representative to the United Nations, in 1965, and Abe Fortas replaced him. With President Johnson's nomination of Thurgood

(*Continued on Page 208*)

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LETTERS.

CHICK IT OUT

Bryan, Tex.

Brint Dillingham, who wrote "The Chicken Flap" [*The Nation*, Aug. 20-27], is identified as a "legal investigator." Had Dillingham investigated a bit further he would have discovered that the "dead chicken cannon" developed by the Air Force is not a new invention.

In 1971, *Environment* reported that "a pneumatic cannon that fires dead chickens at speeds of up to 620 mph has been developed by the National Research Council of Canada. . . . The cannon can easily accommodate the four-pound bird, which is the international standard for testing windshields, as well as the eight-pound bird recently adopted by the Federal Aviation Administration as the standard test for tail assemblies."

Surely this will result in a new category for Senator Proxmire: The Golden Feather Award. *Jay Martin Poole*

ANSWERING THE CUBAN QUESTION

San Francisco

The Nation is to be commended and Sidney Lens cheered for his simple and eloquent "The Mood in Havana" [Aug. 20-27]. After reading Lens's unequivocating, non-"Sovieticus"-style account of the great advances made under the Castro government, nothing could be more touching and demanding of a response from the American people than the little girl's tearful question to her mother, "Mama, why doesn't America leave us alone?"

His conclusion that the Reagan Administration's moves in the region "make her question one that all of us should be asking" begs the question, though. We should not be asking the question, we should give the child the answer, since we know it. This nation is afraid of what Lens so accurately observes—that Cuba is looked upon as a model for the people of the developing world. . . . *Lester Cole*

STUDDS A 'STANDOUT STENCH'

Charleston, W. Va.

As I understand the incredible editorial "Studds Comes Out" [*The Nation*, Aug. 20-27], Representative Daniel B. Crane is a no-good hypocrite because of his heterosexual molestation of a female Congressional page, but Representative Gerry E. Studds is a blooming hero because he buggered a male page and wasn't ashamed to admit he's a homosexual.

What utter tommyrot. *The Nation* should be ashamed of itself. The point isn't that Studds is a self-proclaimed homosexual stud but that he victimized a 16-year-old under Congress's protection and hauled his victim around the world at taxpayer expense.

What Studds does with consenting adults of either sex is their business. What Studds does with consenting minors—and how do we know the minor consented?—at public expense is still the people's business, thank heavens, and should be. Studds is a standout stench in a political body all too familiar with putrescence.

If the House of Representatives had any shame at all, it would have thrown both Studds and Crane out on their ears.

W.E. Chilton 3d, Publisher
The Charleston Gazette

BRAVO, GROSS!

Santa Monica, Calif.

I have read Ariela Gross's "Showdown at the White House" [*The Nation*, Aug. 6-13], and want to congratulate her for her remarkably professional writing, her steadfast views on nuclear war and the freeze and her evident courage and self-control in presenting her position in Washington. I kept imagining myself in Gross's place—and was ashamed to realize that I would probably have knuckled under to the various pressures she encountered. Bravo!

I also found it interesting, though not surprising, that the group of Presidential Scholars was so stacked in favor of the Reagan view. What distresses me even more than the current Administration is that its sins go so little reported or criticized. Gross's discovery of the bias of the Scholars should surely be widely publicized—but probably will not be. *Anne C. Phillips*

Beacon, N.Y.

My compliments. As an ancient subscriber to *The Nation* I have never before been so deeply moved as I was by Ariela Gross's article.

Her story, simply told, clearly described the toadyism and craven fears of the courtiers in imperial Washington. There was a time when citizens went to Washington to perform their stint of public service and then went home. Now they come to the center of our national government to accumulate power and suck the teat of Mammon.

Gloom so often these days haunts our vision of America's future. But with more and more young people like Gross fearlessly moving into the dens of our predators, there is hope we will continue a free people at peace with the world.

Bernard L. Klein

CREDITING HARRIET TAYLOR

Ithaca, N.Y.

Phyllis Rose describes a situation in her essay on John Stuart Mill and Harriet Taylor ["Mr. and Mrs. Mill," *The Nation*, Aug. 6-13] that I suspect has been a fairly common phenomenon: that many works attributed solely to men are actually substantial collaborations with unseen women. Initially, Rose postulates that Taylor may have been as significant a philosopher as Mill, but then proceeds to portray her as merely a dominating wife who gave some structure and support to a great man.

While I have read nothing on the subject save Rose's essay, I wonder if Rose's tantalizing introduction of Taylor is a straw man for some subtle antifeminist or antiwife attitudes. In her essay, adapted from a book titled *Parallel Lives*, Rose makes nonparallel references to Taylor and Mill, referring to Mill as Mill and Taylor as Harriet in all but one unavoidable instance. (Shame on the editors of *The Nation* for letting that get by them!)

However unpleasant Taylor's personality may have been, what was probably a truly synergistic relationship should be given less equivocal credit for the contributions of both members. *Margaret McCasland*

NEPOTISTIC COLLABORATIONS

Madison, Wisc.

Phyllis Rose's essay on the marriage of John Stuart Mill and Harriet Taylor is delightfully clearsighted. I cavil on one point: the annoyance people feel with husband-wife collaborations is probably derived less from erotic jealousy and more from our resentment of nepotism than Rose admits. In a putatively meritocratic society where opportunities are scarce and success is widely desired and respected, we are more jealous of jobs than mates; therefore we demand that job slots be distributed "fairly." When one member of a collaboration appears substantially stronger than the other, we feel that the weaker member has been given an unfair advantage in his or her career. Since there are a limited number of places in the limelight, we assume some unknown but deserving toiler has been wrongfully deprived. If, for example, we grant that movie producers have skills, then perhaps Streisand's hairdresser crowded a more skilled producer out of the field. And as consumers we may feel that the free market was distorted by the tie-in that subjected us to Yoko Ono when we wanted only John Lennon.

David Burress

THE WOMEN AT SENECA FALLS

New York City

I read with great excitement and fascination the article by Barbara Koenig Quart about the Greenham Common Peace Camp and the women's peace movement in England ["Letter From London," *The Nation*, May 28]. However, I am quite disappointed that *The Nation* has not reported on the Women's Peace Camp in Seneca Falls, New York, this summer!

So far in the history of the world, no one (i.e., no man) has been able to bring peace to the earth. Let's give these women a chance and publicize their brave and humanitarian efforts. *Evelyn Triantafillou*

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EDITORIALS.

K.A.L. 007: Why?

There is an enduring myth that in the conduct of foreign affairs—indeed, in the entire enterprise of politics—a grail of unambiguous facts and clear-cut cases may one day be found. President Reagan frequently expresses just such an Arthurian notion in his theological descriptions of Soviet evil and, by implication at least, American virtue. His vision leaps over the fuzzy gray areas through which his recent predecessors have wandered; it skips the swamp of détente, the morass of conceivable motives, the labyrinth of diplomatic leeway. Cynics and sophisticates have chided the President for his simplism, and until now the public has not rushed to join the quest. Then the shining grail appeared—or rather disappeared—over the Sea of Japan.

"Ever so rarely, something happens that cuts through the ambiguities of politics and proves a point," the usually cynical and sophisticated *New York Times* pundit Leslie Gelb wrote of the South Korean plane crash. The point, he said, articulating an emotion many papers were expressing more violently, was that the "Soviet Union is different—call it tougher, more brutal or even uncivilized—than most

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of the rest of the world." Politicians never noted for their righteous indignation—Tip O'Neill and Senate minority leader Robert Byrd, for example—quickly seconded the President's sentiments that the incident proved the evil of the Soviet empire.

Anger and frustration at what was without question a stupid, tragic and unnecessary act of the Soviet military and political command may excuse the first flush of sermonizing in the wake of the weekend attack. It is understandable that Gelb would ignore the tough, brutal or uncivilized behavior of "most of the rest of the world" that he exempts from the touch of evil: a list of countries that runs from Argentina to Zaire and passes through Chile, Guatemala, South Africa, South Korea, Turkey and countless others that enjoy more tempered treatment in his newspaper. But the political and journalistic theologians have surely sermonized too soon. They have ignored both the context of the crash and the pretexts, and they have left unanswered the many questions that make the incident a classic case of ambiguities and unprovable points. (Perhaps the answers can be obtained only by the Congressional subcommittees on intelligence, which should begin hearings at once.)

First, the pretexts:

Query. What was the mission, route and flight history of the American RC-135 spy plane that crossed the errant path (at least) of the downed Korean airliner? Were other American spy planes in the area at that time, or do others make regular runs? What is the extent of U.S. aerial reconnaissance over the Soviet Union's ultrasensitive Pacific installations?

Query. Do American spy planes customarily tailgate commercial airliners that "wander" into Soviet airspace in order to get a fix on radar, radio and scrambling capabilities?

Query. How could the three independently programmed guidance systems on K.A.L. 007 go awry at the same time, and in the same way? Did U.S. or Japanese communications monitors attempt to intervene in the two and a half hours of 007's overflight?

Query. What is the history of Korean or other commercial and military aircrafts' overflights in the region; that is, are incursions routine, unprecedented or—what is most likely—randomly provocative?

Query. Why was no mention made of the RC-135—by Secretary of State Shultz, President Reagan or any Administration spokesman—for three days after the crash? What is the extent of the cover-up under construction in Washington, Tokyo, Seoul—and Moscow?

Next, the context:

The Korean airliner flew over the most sensitive outposts of Soviet military power in the world. The Sea of Okhotsk is home water for the Soviet Pacific fleet and its submarines equipped with "invulnerable" missiles, designed to give the Russians a second-strike nuclear capability. It is their only deterrent to U.S. first-strike power.

As the Reagan Administration's massive military buildup develops, there has been frequent discussion in the U.S. military press about the possibility (and necessity) of targeting that area with nuclear weapons. One recent study recommends the installation of cruise missiles in South Korea and Japan, aimed at Vladivostok. An article in *Aviation Week and Space Technology* argues that the waters over which 007 flew are "choke points" where the Soviet fleet could be bottled up in case of global crisis. The Soviet Union's Pacific coast is its most vulnerable area.

Earlier this year, the United States upgraded the defense status of South Korea from an "area of significant interest" to one of "vital interest"—a move reminiscent of Dean Acheson's calculated inclusion of South Korea in America's "defense perimeter" a few weeks before the start of the Korean War. At the same time, the Administration is pushing hard for the remilitarization of Japan, and is considering a Japanese-U.S.-South Korean treaty that would permit the mining of sea lanes vital to the Soviet Union. Beyond that, Defense Secretary Weinberger's "Defense Guidance" for 1985-89 spells out for the first time U.S. plans for China's participation in a global nuclear strategy against the Soviet Union in the event of military conflict. All in all, tensions in the northwest Pacific are approaching flash point; that is the context in which one must judge whether the presence of a suspicious aircraft over Soviet bases was or wasn't ample cause for alarm.

None of that justifies sending a missile through its fuselage. Nor does it excuse the Russians' gross insensitivity and deliberate deceit after the crash. What it does indicate is that the cold war could explode into white heat at almost a moment's notice: two and a half hours in the case of the downing of flight 007 but only twenty minutes very soon, when U.S. missiles are put in their forward positions. Given that Soviet and American commanders are capable of shooting from the hip, that is too short a time to consider Armageddon.

One World or...

On page 201, Sidney Lens raises an unfashionable idea: world government. The words may even elicit some instant nostalgia among older readers. Remember Clarence Streit? Gary Davis? *One World or None*?

Lens, of course, has more than nostalgia on his mind. He makes the case that world government does not belong in the mothball fleet of post-World War II ideals—that the reasons for it are more compelling today than they were in the late 1940s. The comments of the three interlocutors that follow Lens's article are probably more representative of mainstream opinion on this question, since in varying degrees they uphold the negative side of the debate. Still, the criticisms of Lens, however telling, could possibly be incorporated into the model to make it workable.

Certainly Lens's advocacy of a World Court with police power behind it has relevance to last week's headlines. In the present world (dis)order, the shooting down of K.A.L. flight 007 became an occasion for superpower confrontation. But what if there were an international court to which South Korea could take its demands for restitution, and

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where the Soviet Union could substantiate its countercharges about spy planes? A World Court with real power could sweep away the fictions of sovereign immunity and determine the facts.

Consider, too, the situation in Lebanon, where in the absence of a respected world authority, U.S. Marines of the "peacekeeping force" occupy an exposed salient in a nasty civil war. Rather than peacekeepers, they are semi-hostages, whose presence poses the danger of American intervention.

Lens ultimately rests his case on the impending danger of nuclear war, which is where some of us came in, back in the 1940s. World government may not be the right blueprint for constructing peace, but by raising the issue Lens reminds us that we should be thinking harder about the design of a world order that could replace the present anarchy.

Chile 'Celebrates'

Santiago

On the tenth anniversary of the coup that brought the present military regime to power, portraits of its leader, Gen. Augusto Pinochet, were hard to find in this city. On the walls of union halls, political party offices, private homes and community centers they had been replaced by pictures of former President Salvador Allende, the man who died as Pinochet's air force bombed La Moneda Palace on September 11.

In the intervening years, the economic miracle promised by the generals and their team of "Chicago Boys" has turned into a monetarist nightmare marked by 35 percent unemployment, 40 percent inflation, thousands of abandoned stores and idle factories and 1 million people living in severely insufficient housing. And Chile's foreign debt has grown 500 percent, making it one of the highest per capita in the world.

"The only economic miracle here," a priest who works in the slums told me, "is the fact that so many people still find one way or another to feed themselves." Although General Pinochet assured the people ten years ago that he would abolish politics in Chile, he now finds his regime threatened by a tidal wave of protest. In the forefront of those protests are the political forces he has sought to exterminate, an effort that has resulted in an estimated 40,000 deaths, 100,000 jailings and countless cases of torture and exile.

The situation in Chile today was summed up by an accountant, who told me, "General Pinochet has done two things Allende was never able to. First, he has united the entire country—against him of course. And second, he has single-handedly wiped out private enterprise."

Under its "free market" policies, the Pinochet government attempted to win the support of the middle class by making cheap imports available to them. The Chilean peso was revalued at an artificially high rate against the dollar, and massive foreign credits were obtained. In 1979 and 1980, Chile was flooded with Sony TVs, Frigidaire freezers, Honda motorbikes and Scotch at $4 a quart. "The Chicago Boys put Chile on its knees," says a former leader of the rightist National Party. "Our domestic industry was forced to close down in the face of cheaper and more efficient foreign competition."

For Chile's poor, the last two years have been the roughest in modern memory. And in the last six months their bottled-up rage has exploded and poured into the streets. There have been demonstrations and marches in the sprawling *poblaciones*—the poor neighborhoods—which house the victims of Pinochet's "decade of national liberation."

In August the regime responded to the crisis with what it calls an *apertura*, a political opening. The ten-year-old curfew was lifted, as was the state of emergency, and talks between the government and moderate civilian leaders were initiated. But in the *poblaciones* the people regard those measures as a sign of the regime's weakness, and they are not placated.

Tears have appeared in the curtain of silence and fear that was lowered ten years ago, and some familiar faces have reappeared, leaders of the new opposition to Pinochet. Christian Democrats, liberals and a goodly number of conservatives, who hailed the Pinochet coup as the "end of Marxist tyranny," soon found themselves cast out into the political wilderness while the military consolidated its monopoly of power. Now these same politicians are singing the praises of democracy. For the time being, at least, the leftist parties that supported Allende are willing to work with their one-time foes to oust Pinochet. But in the working-class neighborhoods and in the slums there is deep resentment against this self-proclaimed "democratic center."

"We have not forgotten what the Christian Democrats did to us in 1973, when they practically begged the military to take over," said one leader of an Unemployed Action Committee. Another grass-roots leader told me, "Don't think for one moment we are going to let these blue-eyed *señores* from the other side of town come down here in their imported cars and tell us what to do and how to protest."

Chanting "If Somoza bit the dust, so will Pinochet," the dark-skinned people of the *poblaciones* talk of popular rebellion. In contrast, the illuminati of the traditional Chilean political parties call for a "peaceful, gradual return to democracy," and publicly promise the military leaders that there will be "no Chilean version of Nuremburg."

Which of the opposition elements will dominate the anti-Pinochet movement remains unclear. But if the poor maintain their present pace of organizing, they will lead the middle class to the "new democracy" that is being talked about in the *poblaciones*. Rodolfo Seguel, head of the copper workers' union, sees this new society as one in which "the workers are not relegated to the backyard, but actually sit in the living room where the important decisions are made."

The agenda in Chile today is as clear as it was in the final days of the Allende government. Two irreconcilable forces are locked in an escalating struggle. In late August, Pinochet warned that if he is pushed too hard, he will reimpose a state of siege and "re-enact the events of September 11, 1973." The Students and Slumdwellers Committee responded to the general's threat with a leaflet that read in part: "The people

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of Chile respectfully accept the highly patriotic offer of His Excellency, the President. A repetition of the events of September 11, 1973, under the current conditions would mean the violent overthrow of the regime, its replacement with a political and economic system diametrically opposed to the current one, and the outlawing for ten years of the supporters of the present administration."

In Chile the fear is gone.

MARC COOPER

Marc Cooper is a freelance writer based in Los Angeles.

King for Mayor

When a Federal judge ruled recently that Boston's nine new electoral districts for City Council and School Committee violated the Supreme Court's "one-person, one-vote" rule, the city's politics were plunged into turmoil. The judge ordered that the districts be redrawn, thereby postponing the preliminary elections—including the one for mayor—scheduled for September 27. A semblance of order was restored when the State Legislature set October 11 as the new election date, but Boston's nine mayoral candidates chafed at the judge's order.

Rather, all but one of them did. The exception was Melvin H. King, the only black candidate. "I guess I'm just happy to wait for justice to be delivered," King said. Since he was one of the plaintiffs in the suit challenging the redistricting plan, King's patience comes as no surprise. The judge ruled on the narrow ground that the nine newly created districts were unequal in population, but King and the other plaintiffs had also objected to the plan because it gave blacks and Hispanics a chance of winning in only two of the nine districts. In 1970, one in five Bostonians was nonwhite. Today, the ratio is one in three, which should translate into one-third of the seats on the Council and the School Committee.

The lawsuit was but one manifestation of a drive by blacks and Hispanics for greater political power in the city, and Mel King has been in the forefront of that drive. King served in the State Legislature from 1973 to 1982, representing a racially mixed district, and he has been a leader in the black community for thirty years. He made his first bid for the mayor's office in 1979, and with a campaign fund of only $60,000 placed third in a field of four, ahead of David Finnegan, a former School Committee president, who is white and who spent $350,000.

This year King's chances are dramatically better. Kevin H. White, the sixteen-year incumbent whose administration is beleaguered by corruption charges, has decided not to run, and support for the nine contenders is divided along ethnic and neighborhood lines.

In Boston, all candidates for mayor compete in a nonpartisan primary. The two who receive the most votes face off in the November election. Because King is the only nonwhite running, a concerted get-out-the-vote drive in black and Hispanic neighborhoods could give him enough votes to win one of the two top slots. If he is pitted against a conservative in November and attracts enough white liberal support, he could win.

But that simple strategy has been difficult for King to sell, especially to white liberals. They supported him in the past, but this time around they have deserted him en masse. Indeed, many of the white liberals who voted for King in 1979—when he had little chance of winning—have apparently decided that Boston's racist vote is so formidable that a black candidate could never win, and are backing other candidates.

"King can't win" is on the lips of white liberals across the city. It's a phrase that threatens to become a self-fulfilling prophesy, a phrase that at best is painfully ironic and, at worst, racist. As King says, "What's most vicious about it is this: when people say they're not supporting me because I can't win, they're saying that racism is so powerful that instead of fighting it, they'd rather join it."

The most important white liberal endorsement King has not received is that of Representative Barney Frank, who served with King in the Massachusetts Legislature before going to Congress. Four years ago, Frank backed King, and in a published statement specifically addressed those who said King couldn't win because he is black. "The first thing that needs to be said here is that this argument is wholly racist," Frank wrote. "Without question, given Mel King's personality and career, there would be no doubt whatsoever about the strength of his candidacy if he were white." This year, however, Frank is backing Suffolk County Sheriff Dennis Kearney, whose record on liberal issues while in the State Legislature was mediocre.

Several months ago, many black leaders also doubted King's ability to win, despite the mayoral victory of Harold Washington in Chicago and the primary victory of Wilson Goode in Philadelphia. In a front-page story in *The Bay State Banner*, a weekly newspaper serving Boston's black community, publisher Melvin Miller wrote that it would be extremely difficult to elect a black mayor in Boston, where blacks make up only 22 percent of the total population and 17 percent of the electorate. Shortly thereafter, Miller endorsed David Finnegan, whom King had bested in the 1979 primary.

The article and the flight of white liberals to King's opponents aroused many black leaders who had been reluctant to support King, and they have rallied behind him. Reggie Johnson, the director of contract compliance in Mayor White's corrupt and crumbling political organization, said that whether King wins or loses, blacks will benefit most by uniting behind his candidacy. "A vote for Mel King isn't wasted even if he doesn't win," Johnson said. "People who vote for Mel can make a statement. The statement says: We're here. We're concerned about the city. We want input into how the city's run. And because we have voting power, we are not going to be ignored."

But a vote for King could be much more than a statement. With white liberal support, it could be a vote for the next mayor of Boston.

MICHAEL REZENDES

Michael Rezendes is a staff writer for The Boston Phoenix.

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UNCIVIL LIBERTIES.

CALVIN TRILLIN

When I read *Newsweek*'s July 11 cover story on what the world thinks of America and Americans, I happened to be in France, so I naturally took advantage of my morning croissant run to check out the *Newsweek* findings.

"Bonjour, monsieur," Madame LeBlanc, who runs the bakery, said as I walked in the door.

"Bonjour, madame," I said. "Tell me, Madame Le Blanc, what do you think of us Americans at this stage of history?"

Madame LeBlanc looked at me silently for a while, as if considering her response. Finally, she said, "Comment?"

"Don't be afraid to speak up," I said. "It's all for research."

Madame LeBlanc looked blank.

"I know you Europeans think we Americans worry too much about what other people think of us, Madame LeBlanc," I said. "But if we need an example of the problems caused by false impressions of national traits, we need look no further than Maurice Chevalier."

"Maurice Chevalier?" Madame LeBlanc said. Her eyes shot toward the door, and then she peered over my shoulder as if checking to see if someone was standing behind me.

"For years, the impression most Americans had of French people was based on Maurice Chevalier," I explained. "So they expected every Frenchman they met to be a charming, debonair old gent who at any moment might start singing 'sank Evan for leetle gerls.' Naturally, they were disappointed when they came to France and the Frenchmen they met were sour customs officers with scratchy pens and some nasty Parisian cabdriver who pretended not to understand their French when they said '*bonjour*.' "

"Ah, bonjour, monsieur," Madame LeBlanc said, smiling at me in her accustomed way.

"Oh. Bonjour, madame," I said. "As I was saying, American tourists were very disappointed to discover that the only Frenchman who acted like Maurice Chevalier was Maurice Chevalier—and he was in California. So they started going to Italy, where they could still run into somebody now and then who acted like Ezio Pinza, and you fellows lost a bunch of money."

Madame LeBlanc seemed to remember suddenly that the countertop of her display case needed dusting.

"So," I continued, "if a French magazine did a similar survey (although I realize you people don't do that sort of thing; it would be what General DeGaulle used to call 'uncool'), you would probably find out that the reason so many Americans think of the French as petty, mean-spirited functionaries . . . although, God knows, that's not the way I think of you and Monsieur LeBlanc, Madame LeBlanc—you with your ever-present smile and your cheerful *bonjour*—"

"Bonjour, monsieur," Madame LeBlanc said, putting down her feather duster.

"Bonjour, madame. What I'm really asking is whether you include yourself among those French people who find us Americans industrious, energetic, inventive, decisive and friendly. I don't mean to muddy the sample here, Madame LeBlanc, but I might point out that it's pretty industrious and energetic for someone who's supposed to be on vacation to present himself right here in front of your display case every morning at 8:30 on the dot, friendly as a puppy-dog, and I must say that a certain amount of inventiveness was required to discover the baker in town who used the quantity of butter we Americans associate with a week's supply for a family of four in every one of his croissants—"

"Croissants, monsieur?" Madame LeBlanc said, reaching for the door of the display case.

"Precisely, Madame LeBlanc," I said. "And I would like to say, concerning *Newsweek*'s finding that the French do not associate Americans with honesty, that the little misunderstanding we had last week about whether it was a 10-franc piece or a 20-centime piece you gave me in my change was just that—a misunderstanding. Ours is a young culture, Madame LeBlanc, and we're still not real good with old money."

Madame LeBlanc turned from the counter and ducked into the room where the croissants are baked by Monsieur LeBlanc—a petty, mean-spirited functionary I would rate high in industriousness, energy and butter content.

"Madame LeBlanc!" I called after her. "Madame LeBlanc! I know *Newsweek* found that a lot of French people think having Americans around increases the chance of war, but I'd like to remind you that the question was about American *military* presence. Surely, Madame LeBlanc, a misunderstanding over small change would not lead you to confuse me with some hopped-up G.I. who might decide to lay a ground-to-ground on Leipzig just to put a little zip into a Saturday night . . . "

There was no sound from behind the curtain. I stood silently, wondering whether it would have been appropriate for me to explain that I had nothing whatever to do with the American pop culture that the French people surveyed by *Newsweek* considered so influential. Finally, Madame LeBlanc emerged from the back room. She stood in her accustomed place behind the counter, and looked at me as if I had just walked into the shop.

"Bonjour, monsieur," she said, in her usual cheerful tone.

"Bonjour, madame," I said.

"Qu'est-ce que vous voulez aujourd'hui, monsieur?"

"I would like to say, Madame LeBlanc, that when it comes to this Star Wars mickey mouse, not to speak of the Mickey Mouse mickey mouse, I have nothing—"

"Croissants, monsieur? Brioches? Pains au chocolat?"

"Nine croissants, s'il vous plait," I said, holding up nine fingers.

"Très bien, monsieur," Madame LeBlanc said, with considerable enthusiasm.

"I notice that you seem to admire my decisiveness," I said, gathering up my croissants. "It's a national trait."

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SOVIETICUS.

STEPHEN F. COHEN

For thirty years, every Soviet leader has tried to institute significant reforms in the hypercentralized system of economic planning and management inherited from Stalin. Each has been defeated by conservative forces, particularly the vast and powerful state bureaucracy which runs the system from Moscow. Now, Yuri Andropov is moving in the same reformist direction in the face of equally determined opposition.

On July 26, the Andropov leadership, or at least its pro-reform wing, announced a "major economic experiment" to take effect next January 1. It will increase considerably the decision-making authority of plant managers in a few selected industries and regions, and reduce proportionally the role of the central bureaucracy. Three weeks later, Andropov personally declared that "half-measures" can no longer cope with the country's serious economic problems, strongly implying that the reforms will be extended. Nikolai Baibakov, the longtime head of the economic bureaucracy, replied indirectly two days later. He proclaimed the economy healthy, even "dynamic," and suggested that half-measures would be quite adequate.

A confidential Soviet memorandum leaked to Western correspondents in early August is dramatic evidence of the struggle behind these and other oblique polemics. Written by a group of economic reformers for circulation among high officials, the thirty-page document blames "the existing state system of economic management" for the sharp drop in productivity since the 1960s. It accuses the state bureaucracy of imposing "centralized methods" and irrational decisions, suppressing "market forces" and local initiative and treating plant managers and workers like "cogs." The authors of the memorandum call upon the leadership to carry out a "profound" decentralization of the entire "outdated" system.

The secret memorandum belies the notion that no reform movement, or serious political conflict, exists inside Soviet officialdom. Indeed, the extraordinary fact that it was leaked to the Western press, whether by conservatives seeking to discredit reformers or by reformers hoping to force its publication at home, indicates the intensity of the current struggle. But in imploring the leadership to develop "a well-thought-out strategy" to overcome the opposition of bureaucrats whose "warm places" and other "vested interests" are threatened by decentralization, the document's authors raise a critical question they probably cannot answer: Even if the Soviet leadership is committed to economic reforms, how can it effect them throughout the bureaucratic system?

No Soviet leader since Stalin has had the power to impose major changes on the state bureaucracy, which has, since the 1960s, sabotaged several reforms in the process of implementing them. Important segments of the Communist Party, the other administrative bureaucracy, share their counterparts' vested interests. Nor is there any large constituency for change among ordinary citizens, most of whom are deeply conservative, as Soviet pollsters have discovered. Reformers, based mainly in the scientific and cultural intelligentsia, argue that plant managers, technicians and workers want economic decentralization. In reality, most plant bosses and employees probably prefer the existing system, which guarantees superfluous jobs, rewards inefficiency and holds no one personally responsible.

Andropov himself may not actually want "profound" decentralization, but clearly he has a strategy for change. It will be familiar to American politicians. Unlike Nikita Khrushchev, who tied economic change to political and cultural liberalization, and who was overthrown, Andropov has linked his economic proposals to two conservative and highly publicized reforms with much larger constituencies.

One is the drive to end the widespread "corruption" associated with Leonid Brezhnev's last years. Such a program has great appeal to ordinary citizens because it promises all-out war on both corrupt officials and crime in the streets, which many Russians resent and fear. The other is Andropov's campaign to "strengthen labor discipline." That appeals strongly to neo-Stalinist bureaucrats, who believe a revival of Stalin's draconian measures against workers, which made even minor workplace infractions a felony, is the way to increase productivity.

It is too early to know whether those conservative campaigns will enable Andropov to build a coalition willing and able to implement significant economic reform. He occupies Brezhnev's former party and state posts, but he still moves cautiously. He made his strongest reform statement on August 15, not to party or state officials but to a small gathering of aged Communist pensioners. Always invoking the conservative adage "Measure seven times and cut once," he calls his economic proposals an "experiment," not a reform, even though they have been discussed and even tested for twenty years. And he allows Baibakov to chair the commission studying reform, which is like putting the Pentagon chief in charge of Federal budget cuts.

Two other factors will affect the outcome of the bureaucratic struggle. Now 69 and in poor health, Andropov cannot lead a prolonged fight for reform. Only three leaders now sit with him as full members on both the Politburo and the Secretariat. The two youngest, Mikhail Gorbachev, 52, and Grigory Romanov, 60, are the leading candidates to succeed Andropov. They already have political responsibility for the economy. Reform may ultimately depend on whether they and their generation of officials are friends or foes of change.

The other factor is the Soviet military establishment, which must consent to economic reforms that eventually will require transferring some of its resources to the consumer sector in return for higher productivity. The military's position is not yet clear, but it will depend largely on the state of Soviet-American relations. Viewed in that context, Andropov's obvious desire for an arms control agreement with the Reagan Administration is not surprising. And that desire alone makes it inconceivable that he personally ordered the shooting down of the Korean Air Lines plane.

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ARTICLES.

A LAW OF NATIONS

World Government Reconsidered

SIDNEY LENS

World government is an idea whose time has come. It is not yet on everyone's lips, any more than the idea of a United States of America was on the lips of our forebears in 1750. But its coming is dictated by history. It is the logical next step in the social evolution of the human species beyond the nation-state. In the past it was simply considered desirable by certain philosophers. It was embodied in socialist and communist manifestoes (though upon achieving power, adherents of neither sought to implement the idea, or even discuss it) and preached by the United World Federalists. Now, however, it has become indispensable to the survival of civilization.

The strongest argument for global integration is a negative one: without it, humanity is doomed to suffer ever more wars that will become increasingly lethal, culminating in holocaust in the not-too-distant future. In the age of the nation-state, war has been the final arbiter of international disputes. According to historian Quincy Wright, there were 278 wars between 1480 and 1941; other authorities put the count higher. The Stockholm International Peace Institute estimates that since 1945, there have been 140 "little" wars, which took a toll of 30 million to 50 million lives.

War today has become the ultimate absurdity. As Gen. Douglas MacArthur once said, future conflicts to resolve international disputes will probably result in "double suicide"—the annihilation of both sides. World War I caused the death of 9.8 million people; World War II, 52 million. How lethal a third world war would be can be extrapolated from the fact that the 13-kiloton bomb that destroyed Hiroshima, in August 1945, took 130,000 lives; today the two superpowers have the equivalent in firepower of 1 million such bombs in their arsenals. Presidents Carter and Reagan have claimed that "limited" or "protracted" nuclear wars would prevent the holocaust from occurring, but most experts agree with former Defense Secretary Harold Brown, who said, "Once one starts to use nuclear weapons, even in a tactical way, it is quite likely that it will escalate" to total war.

Clearly the use of war to resolve disputes between nations extracts a price far beyond what the world can afford to pay. Some means must be found to avoid military confrontation. Such a means already exists for resolving *intranational* disputes, those within a nation-state. When two people quarrel over ownership of a piece of property, there is a body of law that governs their behavior; if they cannot agree, there are courts to determine who is right and police to enforce the law as interpreted by the courts. The state, with a monopoly of the means of violence, can enforce the peace between its citizens—except in times of revolution, when it no longer has such a monopoly.

By contrast, there is no effective mechanism for preventing violence—war—between nations. There is no effective world court or international police force to keep the peace as a national police force does. Most disputes between nations, of course, are resolved through diplomacy, because both sides realize that compromise is less costly than war. But when a compromise cannot be reached and the issue is important enough, the parties' only recourse is to fight—or to surrender. It is a situation rife with anarchy and catastrophe.

Given this situation, political theorists have long advocated "pooling sovereignties" as a way to avoid war. As early as 1306, Pierre Dubois wrote a tract calling for "the organization of the Christian states for the maintenance of peace in Europe." Such proposals made little headway against the idea, held by other political thinkers from Aristotle on, that war is not only endemic to human nature but can be "just." That theory held sway for many centuries, but the idea of a just war lost its luster after the atomic bomb fell on Hiroshima. A sizable contingent of intellectuals took up the cudgels for world government. Contributors to *One World or None*, a widely circulated book published in 1946, included Albert Einstein and Robert Oppenheimer; Gen. H.H. (Hap) Arnold, commander of the U.S. Air Force in World War I; Walter Lippmann; the Federation of American Scientists; and a host of men who had helped develop the atomic bomb. There was a consensus among a cross section of prominent figures in the country that humankind was at a crossroads. The Emergency Committee of Atomic Scientists, meeting in April 1948, stated that the West had "three possible lines of policy." One was a "preventive war" while the United States still had a monopoly on the atomic bomb. ("Let us not delude ourselves that victory in such a war would be cheap and easy," the committee wrote. "At the outset the Russians would occupy all of Europe up to the Atlantic seaboard.") A second possible policy was "maintenance of an armed peace in a two-bloc world, which, historically, has always led to war." The third was "the drive for world government . . . the creation of a supranational authority with powers sufficient to maintain law among nations." The signers of the committee's statement, who included Einstein, Bertrand Russell and Robert Maynard Hutchins, president of the University of Chicago, were aware of the dangers of world government, particularly the possibility that a small group of generals would control the world's military forces and might be tempted to seize political

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power. "Do I fear the tyranny of world government?" Einstein asked in a November 1945 article in *The Atlantic Monthly*. "Of course I do. But I fear still more the coming of another war."

For a brief moment even President Truman flirted with the idea of world government. After the conference called to draft the U.N. charter, in San Francisco in the spring of 1945, he told a Kansas City, Missouri, audience that he favored a single world authority because "it will be just as easy for nations to get along in a republic of the world as it is for you to get along in the republic of the United States. Now if Kansas and Colorado have a quarrel over a watershed, they don't call out the National Guard of each state and go to war over it. They bring suit in the Supreme Court of the United States and abide by its decision. There isn't a reason in the world why we cannot do that internationally."

In 1955, a British Defense Minister, a Conservative, was also proposing world government in Parliament. The Minister, Harold Macmillan, asked the House of Commons to adopt a disarmament plan that would "provide effective international, if we like, supranational, authority invested with real power. Honorable Members may say that this is elevating the United Nations, or whatever may be the authority, into something like world government; be it so, it is none the worse for that. In the long run this is the only way for mankind."

The opportunity to achieve world government was missed, however, and the goal was abandoned in favor of the confrontational ethos of the cold war. For almost four decades it has been the conventional wisdom in Washington that America's nuclear weapons have prevented World War III. That is a thin argument in light of the tens of millions of lives lost in "small" wars since 1945, and of the fact that on at least seventeen occasions the United States came to the brink of nuclear war. Five times we came close by accident. Nine times we threatened or planned a limited nuclear strike—twice during the Korean conflict, three times during the Vietnam War, during the civil war in Laos, the 1958 Lebanon crisis and the 1961 Berlin crisis, and in 1955 to hold the islands of Quemoy and Matsu for the Nationalist Chinese. Three times we were eyeball to eyeball with the Russians: in 1946, when Truman said he would order nuclear attacks on Soviet territory if they didn't get out of Azerbaijan; in 1962, during the Cuban missile crisis; and in 1973, during the Yom Kippur war, when the United States declared a Defense Condition 2 alert in the Mediterranean—one step from war—after the Russians sent warheads to Egypt because the Israelis were not adhering to a cease-fire agreement. Rather than say that the bomb has prevented nuclear war, we should say that it has brought us to the brink of one far too many times.

On the other side of the political fence are many who believe that disarmament itself can permanently safeguard the world against war. Disarmament is certainly a consummation devoutly to be wished, but it is only a start. If all the nations of the world destroyed their conventional and nuclear weapons tomorrow, the danger of war would be mitigated but not eliminated. It is impossible to disinvent what has been invented, and the knowledge of how to produce weapons would survive. If the stakes were high enough, nations at loggerheads would rush to retool armament factories, and the one with the most efficient engineers and technicians would rearm first and be the victor. An industrialized nation would have a marked advantage in any dispute with a Third World nation. A simple threat to reopen its arms plants might be enough to cause its opponent to capitulate. However one approaches the problem, it is obvious that if we want to do away with war, we must do away with the war *system*—not just with weapons.

There are other reasons for global integration besides preventing war. Many problems that are international in scope—such as how to allocate the trillions of dollars of minerals in the oceans—remain unresolved either because there are no institutions to deal with them or because existing institutions have no power to enforce the solutions they devise. Increasingly, we face "enemies" that have no respect for national borders, such as disease, pollution, radiation, poverty. Waste poured into Lake Erie by an American steel plant can pollute the water supplies of cities in Canada—and vice versa. A default by the less developed countries on the $700 billion they owe the industrialized nations would undermine the Western banking system and trigger a worldwide depression, the worst in history. Shortages of raw materials loom, and only common action by the nations of the world can prevent a catastrophe. According to the U.S. Bureau of Mines, supplies of all but one of the eleven most-needed minerals are in short supply. Finding new sources of bauxite, copper, lead, natural gas, petroleum and silver, or producing synthetic substitutes, calls for international partnership. Similarly, poverty in one nation affects many others. The economic crisis that led Mexico to nationalize its banks also drove thousands of Mexicans to seek work illegally in the United States, thereby aggravating America's already serious unemployment problem.

The question is not whether world government is necessary, but how to achieve it and how to make it work. All sorts of objections can be raised to the idea. I have already alluded to one of them, the danger of despotism. It is also said that world government is not realistic under present circumstances. The United States might be willing to swallow Canada and Mexico as the fifty-first and fifty-second states, but its citizens would not accept an international government dominated by communist, socialist and Third World countries. Another objection is that nationalism has not played out its string—a sizable majority of the world's people have experienced their national revolutions only in the past forty years and would probably be unwilling to give up even a measure of their hard-won independence. Another objection is that world government would weaken social cohesion. "Social cohesion, insofar as it is instinctive," Bertrand Russell says in his book *Has Man a Future?*, "is mainly promoted by a common danger or a common enemy." With no "out-groups" to hate, the social bonds would loosen. Still another objection is that world government is unattainable because human beings are reluctant to plunge

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into the unknown; the nation-state may be an impediment to progress, but we are accustomed to it. "Better the devil you know . . ." Perhaps the greatest problem is that of uniting the divergent social systems that have grown up under communism and capitalism (e.g., Chinese, Yugoslav, Russian and Hungarian communism; American, German, Japanese and Swedish capitalism).

There is some merit to each of these objections, yet as a whole they are overdrawn. Certainly there is a danger of despotism, but the world military force would be considerably smaller than the combined armies of the present nation-states, because it would come into being after their military forces had been disbanded and because its only task would be to intervene in situations where police forces could not keep order. It would not need nuclear weapons or other sophisticated machines of war to perform that limited function. As to the feasibility of making a quantum jump from nation-states to a single world-state, humankind has made similar jumps before—in response to the discovery of fire, the development of agriculture and the advent of the Industrial Revolution. Those changes were severe—but humanity survived, and in fact thrived. In May 1945, Secretary of War Henry L. Stimson called the atomic bomb "a revolutionary change in the relations between man and the universe," and his description still holds. Ending the threat of nuclear holocaust calls for social changes greater than any humanity has ever known.

A world without war and bitter hatred seems almost inconceivable, yet as individuals we sublimate our aggressions every day. Most of us live out our entire life without killing a single person. We express hatred verbally, not physically. An animal as intelligent as the human animal should, with time, effort and education, be able to suppress the "will to hurt."

The problem of blending the world's various social forms is more formidable—but not insuperable, providing the process takes place over a long period of time. In fact, both communism and capitalism are already on the threshhold of profound changes. Communism cannot survive unless it decentralizes its economy (as Yugoslavia has done, and Hungary, to a degree, and as China is now attempting to do) and encourages greater popular participation in state planning; and capitalism cannot survive unless it moves toward a planned economy and distributes the fruits of labor more equitably. In the course of disarmament and the creation of supranational bodies, the differences between the two systems will be reduced as each recognizes that neither communism nor capitalism can survive a nuclear war, and adjusts accordingly.

The most sensible approach to world government is to combine ironclad commitments from the powers capable of making it a reality with a slow pace toward that goal. While it might have been possible in 1945 for the United States, Britain and the Soviet Union—the only nations with significant military forces—to impose world government in one fell swoop, it is not possible today. There are many additional

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hurdles to jump—many more nationalisms to deal with and economic problems to solve. Achieving world government must be a measured process, beginning with disarmament.

Disarmament, it should be noted, is not just a matter of destroying bombs and demobilizing troops. It has an inner logic of its own, each step leading to the next. In the process of rearmament after World War II, the United States constructed a "national security state" by establishing agencies such as the National Security Council, the Central Intelligence Agency and the National Security Agency. Disarmament requires the liquidation of those agencies and the creation of others to deal with different kinds of problems. If nations are to eliminate their bombs and troops, they must have alternate means of settling their disputes. The formation of an international police force, which was once contemplated by the United Nations, would be imperative. The World Court as currently constituted but with real powers, or a new one, would adjudicate international disputes, and its decisions would be backed by the international police force.

The disarmament phase would be an ideal time to set up supranational bodies with the power to perform certain functions worldwide, in line with the proposals made by U.N. Secretary General U Thant in 1969. U Thant suggested the formation of four international bodies to monitor pollution, population, poverty and the proliferation of nuclear weapons. Each would be given sovereign powers to enforce its decisions in every country, and presumably would be backed by the international police force. They might stop plutonium production, for instance, or impose limits on population growth. U Thant's idea is not as farfetched as it sounds. Indeed, the United States proposed a similar plan thirty-seven years ago, at a U.N. disarmament conference. Bernard Baruch, the U.S. representative, suggested the formation of an International Atomic Development Authority, which would assume "various forms of ownership, dominion, licenses, operation, inspection, research, and management" of everything associated with atomic energy, including nuclear weapons. Unfortunately, some elements of Baruch's plan were distressingly one-sided. The United States would have been permitted to continue producing nuclear weapons while the Soviet Union would have had to halt nuclear research immediately and allow inspectors on its soil. Had the plan been more evenhanded, it would have laid the groundwork for world government. If the Baruch plan's biases are eliminated, it is still feasible today.

As the world begins to disarm, the Soviet Union would lose its hold over Eastern Europe, and the United States would lose its hold over its client states. Each superpower would have to adjust its economy accordingly. Without far-flung military bases, a Navy second to none and the C.I.A., the United States would not be able to guarantee the security of private foreign investment or the access to raw materials and trade that U.S. multinational corporations now enjoy. That would create the twin problems of determining what to do with those corporations and how to restructure U.S. relations with the Third World.

The multinationals are the foundation of Western militarism and the established order. There can be no significant change so long as they retain their present power. The major corporations and industries—oil, banking, the utilities, etc.—would have to be placed under social ownership, and smaller firms under social control. Admittedly that is a revolutionary step, but the nuclear age is the most revolutionary one in history; it requires comparable social changes. Whether the owners of large corporations should be compensated, and if so, how much, are pragmatic questions to be answered as circumstances require.

Of greater concern is deciding how to use the facilities of the dismantled multinationals to benefit the people of the Third World. The U.S. government could use those facilities in partnership with Third World countries. In one of the many possible scenarios, the United States would provide the operating capital and the supervisory personnel for these "fifty-fifty" companies in return for a small percentage of any profits. The home government would be given 50 percent of the stock, and its citizens would be trained to take over the managerial posts. After ten or fifteen years, the facilities and all the stock would be turned over to the Third World government. This type of aid has not been tried extensively, but there are a few examples to draw on: Israel helped Ghana develop its shipping industry under such an arrangement, and Britain and Burma cooperated in a similar fashion to build the latter's mining industry.

The implementation of world government would not only require the formation of planning agencies to help the industrial powers make the transition; it would impose an obligation on the advanced nations to help the Third World become economically viable. The United States—ideally with Soviet support—could help the less developed nations establish "customs unions." By eliminating trade barriers, the customs unions would assure larger markets for the products of small countries. They would also promote greater efficiency and higher standards of living in the less developed countries. Inevitably, there would be economic dislocations. Less efficient companies would go out of business, while more efficient ones would prosper. Some international body would have to subsidize displaced workers and companies. After a customs union had been in operation for some time, its members might be combined in a single *inter*-nation, a United States of Central America, a United States of North Africa, a United States of Southeast Asia. It is impossible to predict how long that process would take, but the formation of such inter-nations would be a major way station on the road to world government.

It would be misleading to minimize the problems connected with world government. It is terra incognita, just as capitalism was in the latter days of feudalism. The various proposals for supranational government put forth since 1945 are necessarily too schematic, too simplistic, too general. They do not supply the answers to scores of problems.

But that does not mean the goal of world government is unrealistic. It means that the world should move toward it slowly, grappling with now unforeseeable problems as they arise. The goal itself can no longer be questioned. Though most of us do not yet want to accept it, the nation-state and the war system it has spawned are obsolete. Whatever the

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trials and tribulations involved in fashioning a world-state, humanity has no other recourse if it wishes to survive. It is a matter of "one world or none." □

Replies

RICHARD FALK

Upon first reading Sidney Lens's essay, I was astonished to find that he had unabashedly joined the ranks of true believers in world government. After all, Lens is no starry-eyed, woolly-minded do-gooder who believes that something reasonable can be made to happen on the basis of a good argument. In both his life and his writings he has shown an acute awareness that reformist politics necessarily involve conflict and struggle. Therefore, his ideas cannot be dismissed as Enlightenment foolishness, of which the United World Federalists are the leading example.

Lens knows what the realization of world government would entail, including a program of social justice that would mobilize the resources of the rich for the benefit of humanity as a whole. His insistence on taking that path arises directly from his negative certainty: if the superpowers continue to put their faith in nuclear deterrence, a global catastrophe is bound to occur. There is only one way to avoid such a catastrophe, he says: political unification, which would require the creation of global institutions to settle disputes peacefully. Lens is aware of the obstacles his ideas will face, and he realizes that the leaders of sovereign nations will pay little heed to appeals to show concern for human survival.

The Catholic bishops' pastoral letter on nuclear weapons talks of a "new moment" and of the task of creating a positive peace. Underlying the antinuclear movement is an awareness of human solidarity, of a common destiny that is more significant than differences of nationality, ideology, culture, religion or race. Is "world government" the best rallying cry to mobilize those who are alarmed and appalled by the indecencies, the dangers and the side effects (including the erosion of political democracy) of a continuing nuclear arms race? Possibly. After all, such a rallying cry does offer a vision, or at least a conception, of a new way of organizing world society. The idea of world government also challenges the illusion that catastrophe can be staved off by small steps (nuclear freeze, no first use). By its very nature, it implies forms of security different from those that exist in the present system, in which rival states rely on war machines and military alliances.

Despite these arguments, I remain skeptical. Part of my concern is merely semantic. The advocacy of world government has come to be associated primarily with the United States. Elsewhere, it is regarded either as a sterile notion or as part of America's imperial design. Because of those connotations, the term "world government" is not the proper linguistic package for the message of political unification. I have no satisfactory substitute, but some possibilities are "humane governance" or "just world polity," which do not arouse those negative associations.

But my doubts about world government go beyond semantics, to substance. Its proponents say that the solution to the problems of a world order premised on "parts" (states or regions or empires) is a large-scale, centralized bureaucracy. But as bureaucratic structures become more centralized they also become more oppressive. The fundamental precondition for a politics of survival is the emergence of a sense of global identity, accompanied by a new set of values, including nonviolence, resource sharing, conservation of the environment and respect for the dignity of all peoples. Once this revolution in consciousness has coalesced into a social movement, leaders will certainly appear. The old order will resist and the struggle will be joined. Those who are committed to reshaping the world's political structures will propose new international arrangements to sustain the necessary degree of political unification. But the nature of those arrangements must emerge from the process of struggle and must be determined by the participants and their leaders. "Government" should be regarded less as the goal, the mechanism, the solution, than as the minimal institutional expression of a new global political culture.

Perhaps nothing I have said is alien to what Sidney Lens believes. We have similar worries about the world situation, and we do not differ, really, in our belief that a way out exists. Where we do differ is on the matter of whether "world government" is the best name for what we want. □

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KIRKPATRICK SALE

Surely world government is an idea—or, perhaps better, a posture—whose time came forty years ago and has long since gone. One would have thought that the global predicament to which the enormous and enormously powerful twentieth-century superstates have brought us—a world of insecurity, war, pollution, unremitting poverty and malnutrition, economic instability and political chaos—would be incontrovertible proof that increasing the size of governments is hardly the way to solve human problems. Indeed, as a moment's reflection suggests, it actually multiplies and exacerbates them. The present world organization, a trillion-dollar exercise in trivia and ineptitude, gives no support to the idea that a single global institution can solve problems for 4.5 billion people.

Though in the Lens view world government is supposed to cure every human ill, its principal function—its raison d'être—is apparently to end wars, and specifically to avert the nuclear one that now threatens us. But if Lens has really studied Quincy Wright, he must know that in the history of humankind larger and ever-larger governments have not

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ended wars, they have *created* them. War is the health of the state, it has been said, and the frequency, duration and severity of wars have increased in almost direct proportion to the increase in state size and power. (See, for example, Tables 22-54 in Wright's *A Study of War*.) A world state with an "international police force" empowered to enforce decisions by intervening in every country on every matter from birth control to death rates, which Lens and U Thant seem to have in mind, is a profoundly chilling prospect. That is not a way to end wars; it is a way to manipulate and escalate them so as to produce violence all over the globe.

Nor does the contemporary nation-state provide a good example of how to end violence. It is simply not true that "the state, with a monopoly of the means of violence, can enforce the peace between its citizens." If it could, we would not have the ugly murder and assault rates we have, the continuing organized crime wars, the urban gang battles, the K.K.K. assaults and all the rest of the individual and group violence that is common to America. And though Truman was right in saying that in America the states have not gone to war with one another for a long time, the same restraint cannot be found in many other nations—as the recent internecine warfare in Ethiopia, Ireland, Lebanon, Iran, Nicaragua, El Salvador, the Philippines and India demonstrates.

No, there is no earthly reason to think that a world government would "do away with war." Indeed, I think the idea of an end to war is a particularly foolish, perhaps dangerous, chimera. Aggression at some level may be, as most anthropologists agree, innate, and it is certainly true that humankind has always waged wars of one kind or another. But humanity has survived because for most of the 10,000 years we have been living in societies, we have worked to keep those wars as small and as harmless and as ritualized as possible.

The logic is inescapable. It is not war that we should seek to eliminate but the awful, imbecilic, world-threatening *scale* of it. And the only way to do that is by reducing, not increasing, the scale of the participants. It is only by the division of nation-states into coherent regions, the political enactment of the separatist pulls and passions that exist everywhere in the world, that there is any chance of limiting state power and reducing the devastations of war. Division, not enlargement, is the solution: as in the human body, cells that divide are normal and healthy, those that agglomerate are cancerous.

Lest we forget: when Germany was divided into dozens of principalities and duchies and margravates, from about the twelfth century to the nineteenth, the Germans were the most pacific people in Europe. Germany participated in only thirteen wars while the aggrandizing nation-states of France, England and Spain each engaged in more than forty. When the people of Germany were united in an empire of tens of millions covering thousands of square miles, they became the instigators of a series of wars and colonial conquests, culminating in the two most destructive wars in history.

Moreover, it can only be by the division of nation-states that we will begin to create conditions of social harmony rather than social conflict. As is the case with animals, humans tend to become more violent when they live under conditions of great stress, overcrowding and sensory overload; when stabilizing social and family processes are weakened; when rapid and heedless change creates fragile and unstable ecosystems; and when they become dependent on larger, more complex and more uncontrollable organizations within and among nations. Throughout history, societies that on a modest scale have achieved social coherence, political participation, cultural harmony and material balance have avoided war. Small states do not usually amass the kinds of riches that entice invaders. They choose not to divert scarce economic resources to expensive weaponry. And they realize far more acutely than do large nations the unbearable price of war and its preparations.

One last point. If, as Lens says, world government can come about only *after* world disarmament, the dissolution of the Soviet and American empires, the advent of democracy in Communist states and equality of distribution in capitalist ones, and the elimination of rapacious multinational corporations, *why bother with it*? Even its most ardent advocates must appreciate that, at *that* time, it simply would no longer be necessary. Saying that the way to achieve world government is to accomplish a string of beautiful but unlikely reforms is begging the question. It is akin to saying that the way to get to heaven is to be born there.

Neither logic nor experience points us in the direction of larger governments, more complex systems, more elaborate methods of control, more powerful "peace forces." To continue to push this cause, in the face of the clear lessons of history and the clear evidence of the contemporary world, strikes me as being not only futile but possibly dangerous. For, if successful, I'm afraid we would get not only Einstein's tyranny of world government but, part and parcel, the very wars we want to avoid. □

PAUL M. SWEEZY

Much of what Sidney Lens writes on the subject of world government is pure utopianism in the classic sense of the term. He totally disregards existing power relations in favor of what he thinks would be desirable. There is no objection to such speculations, but they can hardly be accurately described as constituting "an idea whose time has come."

If we ask what the nearest thing to a realizable world government today would be, the answer obviously is a joint U.S.-Soviet world empire (perhaps on the model of the Austro-Hungarian empire before World War I). That would involve dividing the world into two spheres, each run by one superpower acting in concert with the other. Under this arrangement the global police force (which, as Lens insists, is a sine qua non of world government) would consist of two contingents armed in accordance with agreements concluded by the two superpowers, which would be

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charged with maintaining law and order in their respective spheres.

Since we already know pretty much what the U.S. and Soviet conceptions of law and order amount to, it is easy to see that world government in present-day conditions would mean putting the world into two straitjackets. Sooner or later the result would be explosions, rebellions, civil wars and quite likely the breakup of the system itself. In other words, we would be back to square one, facing essentially the same problems we face today.

Doesn't it make more sense to try to understand and deal with these problems now rather than later? □

CHILE . . . ARGENTINA . . .

Now Uruguayans Fight the Junta

PATRICIA PITTMAN

Buenos Aires

At 6 P.M. on August 25, the streets of Montevideo suddenly emptied. Following instructions circulated by word of mouth, virtually the entire population returned to their homes and stayed indoors for two hours. At 8 all lights were switched off. Throughout the city, even in the wealthiest neighborhoods, the raucous din of people banging pots and pans was heard. Later that night, some 2,000 young people took to the streets chanting antigovernment slogans. More than 300 of them were arrested by government security forces; forty-eight will be tried by military courts.

The people of Uruguay thus joined the wave of protests sweeping the southern cone of Latin America, in neighboring Argentina and in Chile. The demonstration, one of the largest displays of antigovernment defiance during ten years of military rule, took place on Uruguay's independence day.

When advance word of the demonstration reached the government, President Gregorio Alvarez sought to discourage it the only way he knows—through intimidation. The government's efforts focused on an event drawing national attention—the two-week fast of two Catholic priests and a Methodist minister, which was scheduled to end on August 25 with a call for "national reflection." Alvarez imposed a ban on newspaper coverage of the fast. On August 19, police cordoned off an area outside the offices of the Peace and Justice Service, at that time Uruguay's only legal human rights group, where the fast was taking place. (The government banned the organization on August 31.) On August 24, hundreds of people who had gathered to pray outside the building were arrested.

But those scare tactics were futile. Word travels fast in Uruguay, and the "day of national reflection," as it had come to be called, which had been carefully planned to permit maximum participation and to avoid provoking repression, received widespread support. Representatives of two centrist parties, the Blancos and the Colorados, and of the Broad Front, a leftist coalition, had cooperated in preparing for the event—the first such collaboration in their history—together with student and worker groups.

Antigovernment sentiment in Uruguay is fueled by economic and political grievances that are strikingly similar to those currently shaking the government of Gen. Augusto Pinochet in Chile. There is rampant disillusionment with the government's economic policies, which follow the same "Chicago school" monetarist model as do Chile's, and resentment at its heavy-handed suppression of dissent. Even the wealthy business and professional people, who initially benefited from the economic program, are fed up. The nation's foreign debt is now seven times greater than it was before the military coup in 1973. Inflation has caused a 70 percent drop in buying power since then, and there was a 10 percent decline in the gross national product in 1982 alone. Unemployment has soared to a record-high 14 percent, while military spending has grown to consume 60 percent of the national budget.

Uruguay's precipitous economic slide has caused wholesale desertions by the military regime's former civilian allies, and few people here doubt that Alvarez will soon have to step down. The most important question now is, Who will dominate the transition to civilian rule? Or, putting it another way, Who will determine the future role of the armed forces while democracy is being restored?

Unlike its Chilean and Argentine counterparts, the Uruguayan dictatorship promised the restoration of civilian rule in 1978. The process was to have culminated in a formal transfer of power in March 1985, following a constitutional referendum and a November 1984 presidential election. There were two catches to the program, however: leftist parties would be denied participation in the elections, and the Constitution would be amended to insure that the military exercised "tutelage" over the civilian government.

Now the military's plans for a pseudo-democracy have gone sour. Opposition to them reached a high point on July 5, when representatives of the country's three centrist political parties broke off a two-month-long dialogue with the regime. Under negotiation were constitutional

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reforms that had already been resoundingly rejected by the people in a 1980 referendum. Among other things, they would have established a military advisory council (COSENA) with the power to intervene in "security-related matters"—a term the government defined so broadly that it included everything from wage hikes to control of the universities.

President Alvarez, an army general widely regarded as the hard-liner in the junta, made the November 1984 presidential election conditional on the people's acceptance of the proposed reforms. Moreover, the government representative in the talks, Gen. Julio C. Rapela, took an intransigent position, and the government pursued its strategy of intimidating the civilian opposition. In June, for example, a Blanco Party magazine was shut down and thirty university students were arrested, tortured and given prison sentences of three to eighteen years each. In a blatant warning to the legal political parties, security forces kidnapped the Colorado Party leader's secretary and interrogated her for two hours.

After the constitutional reform talks broke off, opposition to the regime welled up. Student demonstrations broke out, the press began reporting complaints of torture for the first time in ten years, and formerly taboo subjects like amnesty for the country's 1,000 political prisoners and the lifting of the government's repressive decrees were publicly debated.

Then, on August 2, the government slammed the lid on, issuing a decree that prohibited all political activity and imposed new restrictions on the press, among them, a ban on any mention of the decree itself. Even U.S. Embassy personnel in Montevideo, whom many Uruguayans consider to be more knowledgeable about the country's military matters than about its human rights situation, have expressed concern.

"They have closed off all alternatives," said a leader of the Inter-Union Plenary, one of the labor organizations not recognized by the regime. "All respect—not fear—for the regime has been lost. Like it or not, the traditional leaders have concluded that the only option left to them is mobilizing the people against the government."

Repression is not new in Uruguay. For ten years the government has clung to power through a sophisticated system of terror that has made it, in the words of Columbia University political scientist Alfred Stepan, "the most totalitarian in Latin America" [see Martin Andersen, "The Littlest Totalitarian," *The Nation*, March 26]. Highly effective because of the country's small size, the government's measures are a mixture of crude methods of torture, arrests of political dissidents (at one time, Uruguay had the highest number of political prisoners per capita in the world) and more refined techniques. Those techniques include issuing decrees that make criticism of the government punishable by imprisonment; establishing political classifications that bar thousands of citizens from obtaining passports, voting or working in the public sector; and insuring that the courts are subservient to the military.

But the August 25 demonstrations have given Uruguayans a new spirit, a feeling that their opposition has broken through the legal barricades set up by the military to channel it. Now the government's 60,000-man security force cannot control the populace. For the first time since the so-called political "opening" began, the opposition has a hand in formulating the rules of the game.

Uruguayan moderates, such as Colorado Party leader Julio Sanguinetti and conservative members of the Blanco Party, hope to pressure the government into lifting the ban on political activity and conducting an honest dialogue on reform. Political observers in Montevideo believe that the distaste among navy and air force officers for President Alvarez's highhanded style of leadership and hard-line attitudes could lead to his replacement in the near future by someone who will take a more conciliatory attitude toward civilian politicians.

Other opponents of the regime, however, such as Wilson Ferreira Aldunate, the Blanco Party's exiled leader, and the leaders of the Broad Front, view the current unrest as the necessary impetus for changing the rules of the game entirely. They call for the restoration of fundamental rights and the repeal of all repressive decrees. Until those things happen, they say, continued resistance, Chilean style, is the best course for the people to follow.

The new militancy and confidence of victory ordinary Uruguayans have are evident in the words of a student leader: "The military is weaker than it thinks. I say let them stay on their sinking ship. When they cannot handle the social and economic situation anymore, they will call us." □

Warren Court

(*Continued From Front Cover*)

Marshall, in 1967, the liberal majority grew and seemed nearly invincible. At that time, the Court's conservative wing consisted of Justices John M. Harlan, Potter Stewart and Byron R. White.

But the end of the decade saw the end of the liberal majority. President Johnson decided not to run for re-election in 1968, and lost the chance to pick Warren's successor. Richard Nixon defeated Hubert Humphrey, and chose Burger, a Federal Court of Appeals judge. Meanwhile, Abe Fortas was forced to resign, and President Nixon named another Federal appeals court judge, Harry A. Blackmun, in 1970. Both men seemed unsympathetic to decisions of the prior decade, an impression their early votes confirmed.

Still, two was not a majority. When Black, Douglas, Brennan and Marshall were united, they were only a vote shy of control and could prevail by persuading Stewart, White or Harlan to join them. When Burger and Blackmun were united, they had to convince all three. (Matters became a little more complex as Black, in his later years, voted less frequently with the liberal wing.)

In 1971, Black and Harlan retired. Lewis F. Powell Jr. and William H. Rehnquist took their seats. President Nixon

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had now appointed four Justices. He seemed adept at picking men who would remain reliably conservative after confirmation. But Nixon was forced to resign before the next vacancy arose. When Douglas retired because of illness, in 1975, President Ford named John Paul Stevens to replace him. Then, in 1981, Potter Stewart retired, and President Reagan chose Sandra Day O'Connor.

Thus, of the current nine Justices, seven were appointed by Republican Presidents, a majority by Nixon and Reagan. A Democratic President hasn't appointed a Justice in sixteen years. Only two members of the Court's 1960s liberal majority still sit. Given the shift in the composition of the Court, the last eleven terms (after Nixon's fourth appointment, in 1971) should have been gloomy ones for liberals, the last seven (after Ford appointed Stevens, in 1975) even darker and the last two (since O'Connor replaced Stewart) disastrous.

Yet nothing so grave has come to pass. Like a car that coasts after its engine has stopped, the Warren Court's momentum has continued into the 1970s and 1980s. The Burger Court appears conservative only when compared with its predecessor. Otherwise, it has been more responsive to individual rights and liberties than any Supreme Court in the nation's history. Landmark decisions restricting capital punishment, protecting reproductive freedom, expanding constitutional remedies for individuals and upholding affirmative action to redress discrimination have all come after 1970. Some of those decisions, it is true, were based on Warren-era precedents, but they were not required by them.

Cases decided 5 to 4 further reveal the Court's center of gravity. Analysis of the votes in those cases shows that the two veterans of the 1960s liberal majority, Brennan and Marshall, have often been able to prevail through alliances with shifting combinations of three other Justices. There were sixty-two of these close cases in the 1981 and 1982 terms. In fifty-seven of them, Brennan and Marshall voted together, and in thirty-one of those they were in the majority. By contrast, the three most conservative Justices, Burger, Rehnquist and O'Connor, saw their views prevail in, respectively, twenty-nine, twenty-six and twenty-eight of the fifty-seven cases.

Of course, on the present Court, Brennan and Marshall cannot be as expansive in their opinions as they were when Warren, Douglas, Black and Fortas were there to join them. In order to hold a bare majority, they must satisfy the Justice who wants to decide on the narrowest ground. But the same is true for conservative coalitions, and the lesson is that when push comes to shove in the 5-to-4 cases, the liberals have been able to forge alliances more often than not.

How is it that three Republican Presidents with six appointments since 1969 have not succeeded in reversing the Court's 1960s momentum? How is it that Burger, Rehnquist and O'Connor, who persistently disagree with Brennan and Marshall, have been unable to form majorities that take strong conservative positions and, indeed, have frequently been in the minority?

The answer lies to some extent in the difficulty any President has in predicting how a nominee will vote once he or she is on the Court, tenured for life and generally with no ambition for other office. Neither Warren nor Brennan turned out as President Eisenhower had expected. Similarly, President Nixon could not have predicted that Blackmun, who was initially allied with Burger, would eventually vote with Brennan more often than does any Justice but Marshall.

Second, some Presidents make their selections solely on grounds of merit and nominal party affiliation, without attempting to predict what the nominee's position will be on specific issues. President Ford credibly explained his choice of Stevens in this way, and Stevens, whose votes put him a few degrees left of the Court's current center, has been independent and a bit unpredictable.

Most important, the Court is a collegial institution whose members must work with one another for years, even decades. So a third explanation for the conservatives' failure to build a strong working majority lies in the attributes of the individual Justices.

Two qualities are crucial for a Justice to translate his or her views into majority opinions. The first is intellectual strength, the ability to state a position and defend it with theories that rely on traditional legal sources: history, precedent, reason, language, experience and institutional competence. But it is not enough to be a theoretician. A Justice must also be able to convince others of the rightness of his or her theory. That quality, sometimes called judicial leadership, requires clarity, a willingness to listen, flexibility and perhaps a gentle persistence. The Court has always had members who are neither intellects nor leaders, members who are one or the other, and an occasional member who is both.

Of the liberal Justices who have served since the Eisenhower Administration, Black and Brennan have been most

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prominent in developing and defending theories of the Constitution and the Court's institutional role. Others, like Goldberg and Fortas, served too briefly to have a significant influence, or, like Douglas and Warren, enjoyed many years on the Court but for one reason or another did not consistently justify their positions with arguments lawyers recognize as within the province of an American court. Brennan had the intellect and willingness to fashion constitutional doctrine, and the foresight to start early. The benefits of longevity often require that it be anticipated.

The ideas Brennan advanced in the 1960s have influenced the Court's direction in the 1970s and 1980s. As Prof. Dennis J. Hutchinson of the University of Chicago Law School has written, "The list of [Brennan's] opinions for the Court on constitutional questions reads like a syllabus for any comprehensive study of what is usually referred to as the 'Warren Court.' " Included on that list are such significant 1960s cases as *Baker v. Carr*, which held that Federal courts are empowered to review the apportionment of state legislative districts; *New York Times v. Sullivan*, the first in a series of cases providing the news media and others with a constitutional defense in libel actions by public officials; and *Shapiro v. Thompson*, invalidating residency requirements for welfare applicants. The list continues into the Burger era, with such cases as *Eisenstadt v. Baird*, which recognized an unmarried person's right to receive birth control information and advanced the doctrinal basis for then-pending abortion cases; *Plyler v. Doe*, striking down a Texas law that denied free public education to illegal alien children; and a host of cases strengthening the constitutional rights of women—decided even as the Equal Rights Amendment headed for defeat.

There is more. While researching a recently completed book about Earl Warren, my colleague Bernard Schwartz had access to the papers of many Justices who had served with Warren, and he interviewed nearly all those who are still alive. In the book, *Super Chief: Earl Warren and His Supreme Court—A Judicial Biography*, Schwartz details Brennan's doctrinal contributions to the majority opinions of other Justices and his facility for finding the common ground that will bind tentative majorities. A striking example is *Griswold v. Connecticut*, a 1965 case which challenged a state law prohibiting married couples from acquiring birth control devices. An early draft of Douglas's proposed opinion for the Court would have invalidated the law by extending the First Amendment right of freedom of association to the marital relationship. Brennan persuaded Douglas to rely instead on a constitutional right to privacy, thereby supplying a theory acceptable to a majority of the Court and one that would also protect single people and enable the Burger Court to invalidate state abortion laws eight years later.

In a review of Schwartz's book for the *Michigan Law Review*, Professor Hutchinson concluded, "When the public record is added to Schwartz's numerous behind-the-scenes examples of managing the Court, Brennan emerges clearly as the single most important Justice of the period."

To be sure, Brennan lost many battles after the liberal majority faded. Some of his arguments—for example, that the death penalty is cruel and unusual punishment no matter how serious the crime—would probably have failed in either era. Others, such as his view that Congress may not constitutionally deny Medicaid funds for elective abortions, would almost surely have prevailed were Brennan's 1960s colleagues still on the Court.

The lesson to draw from all this is that despite the disappearance of the liberal majority, the liberal momentum has continued largely because of the intellect, stamina and personal qualities of one man. Most important is intellect. Over the long term, majorities cohere around principles, not personalities. The Court must explain its decisions with legal theories that accommodate the past while anticipating the future; that are durable, not disposable with the next hard case. Not only is Brennan the Court's liberal theoretician but, as Schwartz shows, he has also been able to forge majorities by advancing arguments that are acceptable to the Court's centrists, something the conservatives have failed to do as often as one might have expected a decade ago.

Three overlapping dangers loom. First, Rehnquist could make a bid for doctrinal leadership after Brennan leaves the Court. If he succeeded, he would be in a position to attract the centrists and give conservatives some narrow victories, which in recent years have gone mostly to the liberals.

Second, Brennan, Burger, Marshall, Blackmun and Powell are all well into their 70s. Blackmun, the youngest, is nearly 75. All are likely to retire before the Presidential election in 1988. If Reagan or his chosen successor wins, he would then get to pick a majority of the Court in a very brief time. (Burger and Powell might leave before next summer to insure that their successors are Republicans.)

The third danger is of a different order and in some ways it is the gravest. President Nixon tried to weaken the Court by nominating mediocre lawyers. President Reagan, who appears to have learned from that mistake, is likely to nominate intellectually stellar conservatives, men and women well able (as Rehnquist has not been) to challenge Brennan's doctrinal leadership while he sits, and thereafter to dominate constitutional jurisprudence into the first years of the next century. Already Reagan has appointed four respected, conservative professors from Yale and the University of Chicago Law Schools to the Federal appeals courts. Two of them, Robert Bork and Richard Posner, could easily be promoted.

If the past is a guide, virtually no Court nominee will be able to win Senate confirmation after the start of next summer. Nominations late in a Presidential election year are generally delayed pending the November returns. An exception might be made for a person of national renown, a Democrat or a respected member of the Senate—and maybe only for someone who is all three, but that person would not likely be nominated. So the critical times for the Court and for the legacy of the 1960s are the next nine months and the first Tuesday in November 1984. Not even the remarkable talents of a William J. Brennan will be able to resist should those tides of history flow right. □

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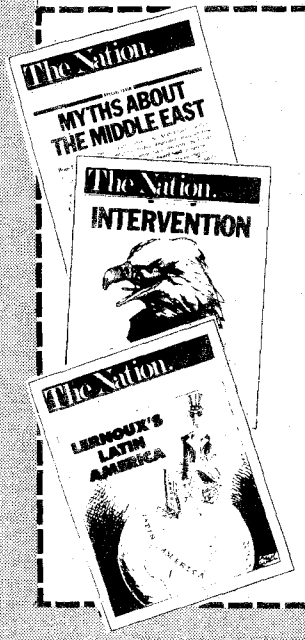

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BOOKS & THE ARTS.

Murder and Sympathy

ANN JONES

THE VON BÜLOW AFFAIR. *By William Wright. Delacorte Press. 359 pp. $16.95.*

MAN SLAUGHTER. *By Steven Englund. Doubleday. 419 pp. $17.95.*

Murder in America, when it hits the headlines, often becomes a sort of sports event. Under the adversary system of justice, there are only two sides, and tabloid readers, like baseball fans, choose one. Oddly enough, although public opinion clamors for law and order, in murder cases it often perversely sides with the killer.

William Wright puzzles over that curious phenomenon in his straightforward, engrossing book. As Wright tells it, Claus Von Bülow, weary of being kept by his wealthy, stay-at-home wife and longing to keep himself and his mistress on his wife's fortune, twice injected Sunny Von Bülow with near fatal doses of insulin, finally inducing an irreversible coma. The case against him—right down to the smoking syringe—was solid. Jurors found him guilty on two counts of attempted murder, then learned that "the man they had just convicted had become a hero."

Supporters rallied outside the Newport, Rhode Island, courtroom wearing "Free Claus" T-shirts. Barbara Walters asked him in a nationally televised interview if he really *had* tried to murder his wife and looked relieved when he said that he had not. Sentenced to ten years on one count (because Sunny recovered from the first attempt on her life) and twenty years on the other, Claus posted $1 million in bail and returned to his wife's Fifth Avenue apartment to await his appeal, give parties and become "the most sought-after extra man on the Manhattan dinner-party circuit." The Century Club, above mere scandal, maintains his membership to this day.

Von Bülow's supporters see him as an underdog, the victim of a family conspiracy to do him out of his inheritance, a poor friendless foreigner. They lay the blame on the maid, or on Sunny Von Bülow herself. Wright is not taken in, but he is puzzled: "As difficult to explain as the outpouring of clichés of support [for Claus] was the absence of clichés of condemnation. Where were the complaints that a rich man can get away with anything? Where was the disdain for the silky, poor foreigner marrying the innocent American worth millions? Was there a snort at the man who lived off his wife's money? . . . the hard thing to explain is that one set of prejudices was present and the other seemed totally absent."

Von Bülow's lawyer, Herald Fahringer, found the conviction harder to explain and fell back on fate: "Maybe there is a strong force deciding this case. Maybe it was not meant to be." Wright suggests, with admirable common sense, what all the evidence affirms: "Maybe his client was guilty." Trying to explain why so many so vocally ran shy of that conclusion, Wright follows psychiatrist Willard Gaylin, whose fine book *The Killing of Bonnie Garland* questioned the flood of public support for Richard Herrin, the young Yale graduate who smashed in his girlfriend's head with a hammer. Gaylin reasoned that once the victim is dead, "the ongoing reality is the criminal—trapped, anxious, now helpless, isolated, often badgered and bewildered. He usurps the compassion that is justly his victim's due. He will steal his victim's moral constituency along with her life."

The theory makes sense, but then why didn't the public rally to Sunny Von Bülow, comatose but still alive? And why, in another, less publicized case, didn't it rally to Jennifer Patri, an abused woman who killed her husband and who is the subject of Steven Englund's pretentious and mean *Man Slaughter*? Some feminists supported Patri, to be sure, but they are not a crowd. Instead, many people applauded her conviction in letters to local newspapers, and Englund, who pocketed a lot of change to write her story, falls back on a set of prejudices as old as the garden to condemn her again—not only for killing but for *being* a defective wife, a defective mother, a defective woman with substantial pieces missing—altogether a shoddy piece of merchandise.

Patri was tried for murder in 1978 after marshals investigating a fire at a farm near Waupaca, Wisconsin, found her husband, Robert, wrapped in plastic, dead of two shotgun blasts to the back and head. Her relatives hired attorney Alan Eisenberg of Milwaukee, a smarmy self-advertiser who had read up on feminist issues and saw in the Patri case a chance to make headlines for himself. It was, he said, a "classic case" of a sexually abused and battered woman driven to defend herself. The outclassed assistant district attorney argued that Jennifer Patri, a woman scorned, planned the murder and tried to cover it up by hiding the body and setting the house on fire. With plenty of evidence on both sides, the jury found her guilty, but only of manslaughter.

For complicated legal reasons, Patri was tried one year later on a separate charge of arson. Found not guilty by reason of insanity, she was transferred from the prison to the state mental hospital, and in June 1981, having served about one-third of her ten-year sentence, she was paroled. (In 1982 Eisenberg's wife divorced him, charging that throughout their marriage—and the Patri trial—he had beaten her.)

Englund, then a U.C.L.A. history professor, came to the case through his stepbrother, a Hollywood producer who worked out a $50,000 book deal tied to a movie. Calling himself a liberal sympathetic to the women's movement, Englund says he originally took his views "unquestionably" from "Eisenberg's definition of the case." His research—two years in Waupaca, his hometown—"shattered" his "liberal preconceptions." He came to "the burgeoning realizations, first, that Bob Patri was no 'prince of darkness,' and, second, that his and Jen's relationship was nothing as simple or one-sidedly negative as it had been made out to be."

Here lies a story, but Englund is neither a writer nor a trustworthy reporter. His prose is full of "tergiversations" and "divagations." Men experience "dubiety," not doubt. They don't beat their wives; they engage in "batterment." It's a style perfectly suited to hemming and hawing, which he does a lot, trying mightily to appear circumspect and fair-minded. But the

Ann Jones, the author of Women Who Kill *(Fawcett), is writing a book about the case* People v. Bernadette Powell.

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book's first sentences betray him as one of those dodgy historians who make up "facts" as they go along. "If it had been spring," he writes of the morning of the shooting, when Jennifer and Bob were alone at the farm, "the reports from the two blasts of the twelve-gauge would have aroused a furor among the sparrows and starlings who coexisted uneasily in the eaves on the north side of the house. As it was, only a solitary barn dove flew out to look around before resuming its placid perch on the central beam of the old barn." You bet.

Interviewing Bob's relatives, drinking buddies and young girlfriend, a thrice-married former drug addict with whom he lived the last few months of his life, Englund learned that Bob, always a good boy at heart, only needed to be loved. Insecurity had pushed him to some unpleasant behavior: public drunkenness, reckless driving, a certain aversion to bathing and a predilection for frequent, speedy sex. But the "real" Bob was "expressive, gregarious, sincere . . . warm, loyal, fun-loving and hardworking, generous and expansive."

Jennifer, on the other hand, as Englund learned from Bob's friends, was a "mean-tongued vixen" with "no talent for acting like a lady." "She had no womanliness," one said. A "humorless workhorse" (she ran the Patri pig farm while Bob hung out in town at his auto body shop), she didn't know how to stay "slender and clean" or to please her man by "dressing nice and talking sweet." She "nagged" Bob "constantly in that hateful nasal monotone and she belittled him before people." And she had "a thing about sex." She objected to Bob's forcible fellatio, anal intercourse and rape, though Bob's girlfriend (as Englund notes approvingly) found Bob's "enjoyment of frequent and experimental intercourse . . . natural, virile, and creative." Jennifer was cursed with a "crucial lacuna in emotional unresponsiveness." She was, in one damning word, "frigid."

Englund dismisses the charge (which helped to explain Jennifer's desperate state of mind) that Bob had molested their 12-year-old daughter. Never mind that the child said he unbuttoned her pajamas and pinched her breasts, and that the incident seemed to her court-appointed guardian to have had "quite an emotional effect on her." The incident, Englund says, was merely an "affectionate physical display."

If Jennifer was beaten and forced into sex, Englund claims, it was only because she had a "tragically circumscribed capacity for response and sharing," and anyway she wasn't beaten very badly. Nobody ever saw him do much more to her than twist her arm and cuss her out: her "alleged treatment at Bob's hands fell *far* short of the battered-woman average." By the end of the book, Englund is writing about "the myth" of Bob's "meanness."

At Patri's arson trial two psychiatrists testified for the defense that she was "basically schizoid." Sexually abused as a child and as a wife, she had grown apathetic, affectless, isolated until her "schizophrenia—latent type" lapsed on the day of the shooting into a full-scale psychotic episode. The jury was convinced, but not Englund: the psychiatrists were "neophytes" and, as feminists, "engagées." Where the experts found repressed memories and schizoid substitutions, Englund finds only "systematic duplicity." Interestingly, he despises Patri for her "lies" but admires Eisenberg, who planned her defense and preached it to the press, as "brilliant."

He finds more evidence of Patri's diabolical character in her steadfast refusal to cooperate with him or let him interview her daughters. (She had wanted a woman to write her story.) She was "exceedingly uncomfortable" with him, Englund reasons, because "she had to concoct lies, and then wrestle with her feelings about lying." (The psychiatrists judged her incapable of lying.) "Why should I trust you?" she asked. "Are you going to hurt me?" Maybe after her experiences with her husband and her high-powered lawyer, Jennifer Patri has sharpened her eye for closet misogynists.

Englund is certainly not the only one on the loose. Several book reviewers, quickening to his misogyny, have overlooked his tortured prose and tortuous "reasoning" to praise him for setting the record straight. Why this eagerness to boost such a book? Something very peculiar must have happened in the reviewers' minds, just as it happened in Englund's and as it happens in the minds of many people whenever a woman kills a man. On those relatively rare occasions when women kill their batterers or rapists and are exonerated in a court of law, the cry is that they have "gotten away with murder." One man, in a letter to the Milwaukee *Sentinel* after Patri had been sentenced to *only* ten years in

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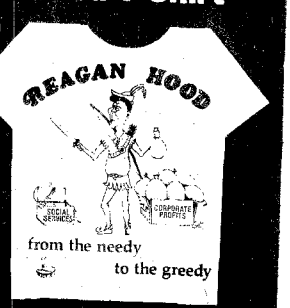

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prison, expressed a widely shared fear: "The result of this refusal to mete out proper justice may be to inspire a rash of premeditated assassinations of men, who, no matter what their faults, do not deserve to be shot down like so many dogs."

That fear is at the heart of a double standard applied in and out of the courtroom. On that basis—not on the facts of the case—people damn women like Patri and make idols of men like Von Bülow, all the more alluring for being perhaps a bit dangerous. If Bonnie Garland had bashed in Richard Herrin's skull because he wanted to date other women, would she have been rocked in the bosom of Yale and the Catholic Church? If Herman Tarnower had "accidentally" shot his rejected mistress in that notorious bedroom altercation, might Scarsdale have fielded a "Free Hy" T-shirt brigade? In the popular imagination Richard Herrin, Claus Von Bülow, even psychopathic Ted Bundy, with his grisly scorecard of mutilated women and girls, are romantic figures, while Jean Harris and Jennifer Patri are merely over-the-hill women scorned—and bitchy ones at that. □

A Nest of Spies

ROBERT LEKACHMAN

DEWITT'S WAR. *By Hans Koning. Pantheon. 251 pp. $12.95.*

A SPY OF THE OLD SCHOOL. *By Julian Rathbone. Pantheon. 272 pp. $13.95.*

MAY DAY IN MAGADAN. *By Anthony Olcott. Bantam. 317 pp. $13.95.*

DOWN AMONG THE DEAD MEN. *By Michael Hartland. Macmillan. 304 pp. $13.95.*

SPYTRAP. *By William Crisp. Pantheon. 192 pp. $12.95.*

THE RUSSIAN WOMAN. *By Tom Hyman. St. Martin's/Marek. 314 pp. $14.95.*

I wish publishers would refrain from claiming that their thrillers are novels, as Bantam and St. Martin's/Marek do here. Good novels create characters who move, change, astonish and lodge themselves in recollection. I have not reread *Silas Marner* since I was a high school sophomore, circa 1939, but I have not forgotten the old miser. By contrast, I tend to mix up the characters in the last dozen or so thrillers I happen to have munched and, in order to offer this reader's guide, must leaf through the pages to recall the plot machinery.

Since at least two out of three thrillers—I am a generous critic—are so dreadfully written as to induce vertigo before the end of page 1, I have already implicitly praised my half-dozen by finishing them. Quite by accident, however, I am in a position to apply a harsher criterion of merit. I happened to examine these books during the last three months, a period quite long enough to induce amnesia. Hence, although only more time will tell whether *DeWitt's War* ascends to the dignity of the novel, Jerome DeWitt, the mayor of a little town north of Amsterdam during the Nazi occupation, is a hero whose mixture of pertinacity, decency and courage lingers agreeably upon the palate from summer to fall. The not entirely credible plot allows DeWitt to solve a murder mystery against the combined opposition of the Germans and their Dutch collaborators. Leaky construction aside, I put this item at the top of my hit parade for the novelty of the setting, Hans Koning's ironic character sketches and the infallible grip of a well-told contest against massive odds.

Until I read *A Spy of the Old School,* I would have said that I had heard quite enough of Burgess, McLean, Philby and Blunt—and for that matter of buggery in the public schools, corruption in high places and the rottenness of the English obsession with class. Julian Rathbone, author of the admirable *The Eurokillers,* here tells the life story of Sir Richard Austen, a Bluntlike figure, eminent archeologist, director of the Gold Museum, partisan of good wine, single malt Scotch and high cholesterol food, and K.G.B. agent of several decades standing. A nasty type, Austen is the

Robert Lekachman is the author of Greed Is Not Enough: Reaganomics *(Pantheon) and a member of* The Nation*'s editorial board.*

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victim of an ice-cold father, an ineffectual mother and a series of unpleasant schools. (Aside from Trollope and Keynes, I can't think of an English male who has had a good word to say about the British system of educating upper-class boys.) Austen is talented enough to take a double first at Oxford, insinuate himself under K.G.B. orders into the 1930s pro-German high society of the Cliveden set, be posted to top-secret Bletchley Park during World War II, where German codes were broken, and get himself knighted for services to crown and country. His nemesis is William Cargill, a distant cousin of John le Carré's George Smiley, who pursues the source of leaks of Bletchley data to the Russians during and after the war. Cargill comes to a sticky end. So, more suitably, does Sir Richard. The performance is smooth, but even though Ronald Reagan says one should never say never, I plan to avoid additional reprises of the rot at the top in the old country.

The two principals in Anthony Olcott's superior *Murder at the Red October* reappear in *May Day in Magadan*, in Siberia. In the earlier book Ivan Duvakin, an honorable soul in a dreadful society, loses his job, apartment and lover all because he foolishly uncovered a major government scandal. Lucky to escape with his life, he is exiled—the Soviet reward for virtue—to Magadan, close to the gulag, as a minor functionary in the local propaganda apparat. By the worst of chances, he stumbles across a fur scam that involves his party superiors, the power struggle to succeed Brezhnev and, worst of all, his Moscow antagonist Polkovnikov, now risen to the rank of general in the K.G.B. Duvakin falls more or less in love with Galya, the doctor who treats him for wounds received in the line of duty. She, however, mixes love with calculation, seeing Duvakin as a chance to return to Moscow. Duvakin survives, he and Galya get tickets to Moscow and his enemies are confounded by a mixture of good luck, cunning and their own confusion. Olcott renders Siberian squalor vividly and, like Martin Smith in *Gorky Park*, believably conveys the bleakness of day-to-day life in the workers' paradise. Here I should interpose a word about verisimilitude. Like other reviewers, I praised *Gorky Park* for its evocation of the Russian milieu. It turned out Smith had spent all of two weeks in Moscow and had eked out his knowledge with guidebooks. Much to the credit of Smith and others equally skilled, literary omniscience often will be taken on its own terms, especially when readers are not familiar with the scene of action.

My final trio merits shorter notice. Michael Hartland's *Down Among the Dead Men* is a tolerable *choucroute* compounded of Russian-Chinese animosity, nuclear danger, high-class British secret service operators, doomed love affairs, a melancholy hero out of le Carré and a tragic Russian émigré heroine. William Crisp's *Spytrap* features a mildly intriguing twist—his hero is a K.G.B. operative assigned to Vienna, where he falls into the clutches of the C.I.A. The last and worst of the half-dozen is *The Russian Woman*, which, among other totally unbelievable events, includes the Soviet General Secretary's assassination in Washington by his domestic opponents and a love affair between his widow and our very own President. This gorgeous creature, alas, is forced to turn spy by a sinister K.G.B. general to end all sinister K.G.B. generals, who, among other agreeable habits, enjoys molesting small girls.

You can make your own generalizations about these candidates for idle hours. I shall spare you my own. □

Way Up North

KATHERINE BOUTON

AN AFRICAN IN GREENLAND. *By Tété-Michel Kpomassie. Translated by James Kirkup. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich. 298 pp. $14.95.*

Toward the end of Tété-Michel Kpomassie's fifteen-month stay in Greenland, he visits an old Eskimo hunter named Robert Mattaaq, who has papered the walls and ceiling of his turf house with layers of photographs and articles from magazines. "I have a photo of one of your countrymen," Mattaaq tells the black African from Togo, and after unpinning some clippings he triumphantly produces a picture of Charles de Gaulle.

For Mattaaq and his fellow Greenlanders, Kpomassie and de Gaulle are both *Qashlunak*—people from the south—more alike in being non-Greenlanders than their cultural and racial differences could ever counterbalance. This we/they view of the world is reflected in the Eskimos' language: their term for themselves is *Inuit*, meaning true men. ("Other races are merely the coupling of a woman and a dog," Kpomassie says, quoting tradition.)

Not put off by this insularity, Kpomassie plunges wholeheartedly into Eskimo life. He lives in crowded huts (if he's not immediately offered lodging on arriving in a new village, he knocks on the nearest door and asks if the inhabitants can put him up). He dines on raw whale skin and "yellowish, blood-tinged" seal blubber, and boiled or raw sled dog (only rabid dogs are dispensable enough to be eaten). He hunts, fishes and helps skin a seal on someone's living-room floor. He accepts the numerous amorous advances made to him. (Ethnologist Jean Malaurie says rather primly in his introduction that *he* always felt compelled to turn such invitations down.) He relieves himself in the pail by the front door without interrupting his conversation, just like everyone else. He suffers from the communal depression after the brief summer is over but before the ice has set in and winter hunting and fishing can begin.

In a highly personal narrative such as this, the reader wants to know who the narrator is, what his prejudices and preconceptions are. Kpomassie gives us this information skillfully and naturally in the opening chapters—a vivid, riveting description of what begins as a typical day in his childhood and ends in near, and fateful, tragedy, when he encounters a snake high in a tree and falls to the ground. Badly injured, he recovers only through the frightening ministrations of the local snake cult, to whom his father, in gratitude, promises the unwilling boy. As far as Michel can see, his only hope is escape. Shortly after, he comes upon a book about the Greenland Eskimos in the mission bookstore. The next day he goes back to the store and buys a map of the world—and then he's off, by foot and bush taxi, on the first leg of what turns out to be an eight-year journey.

Katherine Bouton writes for The New Yorker *and other magazines.*

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Kpomassie may take more about Greenland in stride than a Westerner would. His principal complaint about the blubber and raw meat diet is that there's no salt. As a child of a polygynous marriage, he readily comprehends wife-swapping as a mechanism to insure survival during tough winters (it creates a sort of extended family). Coming from a country where a visitor is always an honored guest, he accepts the Greenlanders' open-handed hospitality without a moment's hesitation.

Kpomassie is indisputably a man of extraordinary charm; he is also sharp and perceptive and honest—unencumbered by a sense of obligation to his hosts that might have prevented him from telling us what they are really like. His honesty, while occasionally brutal (as in the case of a degenerate character named Thue, with whom he stays much too long before moving out in disgust), in the end serves the Greenlanders well: he pays them the compliment of showing them as they are.

The subjective, personal nature of this book leaves the reader with some unanswered questions. Is the Greenlanders' joyless promiscuity a vestige of traditional Eskimo hospitality, or is it, like the ubiquitous drunkenness and idleness, something new, a result of centuries of demoralizing Danish rule? Greenland, despite its hardy Viking-Eskimo heritage, now seems to be a country on welfare, with life one continuous unhappy drunk.

Still, traditions persist. Kpomassie's visit to Robert Mattaaq gains him a wealth of hunting and shamanistic lore. Poverty insures the keeping of other old-fashioned ways—Danish beer is popular but home-brewed *imiak* fills in the gaps. And the Greenlanders love their country. At a New Year's dance they sing patriotic songs. One young boy, talking with Kpomassie about the dense forests of Togo—a concept hard to understand for someone from a country with no trees at all—asks if Africa is as beautiful as Greenland.

Kpomassie has managed to have an enviable adventure, and at the same time to chronicle one of the sad stories of the modern world. His book didn't make me want to visit Greenland, but I was glad to read that he is going back. His next visit will be to Thule, in the northernmost part of the country, where he hopes to find a purer, older Greenland. If we're lucky, he'll write a book about it. ☐

DANCE.

MINDY ALOFF

The mystery of American Ballet Theatre's recent eleven-week Met season is how a company could do so much right and not leave a stronger impression of initiative and esthetic integrity. The taste of artistic director Mikhail Baryshnikov has drawn a good deal of fire. Still, it is real taste, a pattern of preference that one can argue with or accept, rather than a collection of habits used to justify decisions in hindsight—the case at A.B.T. during the 1970s. In 1983, the company is paying for those inflated justifications. Until Baryshnikov took over, three years ago, A.B.T. tended to define itself as a showcase for American dance drama; in practice, at least in New York City, it sold itself on the strength of its guest stars. Because those were, indeed, some of the best dancers in the world, the audience came to accept its claims that it was the best *company* in the world. Without Nureyev, Fracci, Dowell and Makarova, without the self-promotion, one sees that A.B.T. is generally behind the New York City Ballet in classical technique, weaker than the Dance Theatre of Harlem in theatrical projection and less sensitive than the Joffrey Ballet to stage design.

Baryshnikov has set out to strengthen the company from the bottom of the roster to the top. He picked the tough way to excellence: it will take years to see the full harvest of his efforts, assuming his audiences have the patience to support the project. Their beloved guest stars are virtually gone, and they aren't yet accustomed to thinking of ballets themselves as star replacements. (There is no regular spokesman with showmanship at A.B.T. to encourage that leap of faith; it's an unwise vacancy.) Other elements of "personality" have been put on ice as well. One sees fewer theatrical pieces that highlight individuals' acting and more ballets that emphasize the ensemble dancing. A.B.T. used to seem overrun with character dancers; now it has barely any. The most pressing problem is the meager number of true ballerinas for the number of ballerina roles in the repertory. Soloists such as Susan Jaffe and Cheryl Yeager

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are regularly taking ballerina assignments, but they don't appear to have looked hard enough at great Giselles or Sylphs to have developed rich interpretations. If there were less torpor among the prinicipals, perhaps we wouldn't be so taskmasterish about the soloists. Of the ballerinas I saw this season, only Magali Messac, Gelsey Kirkland and Cynthia Harvey conveyed even a limited sense of experimentation in their dancing. The other ballerinas were stolid in either attack or conception of their parts.

Guest stars used to divert from such homegrown boredom. Now we're asked to wait for time and training to nurture greatness in the corps. It's not entirely a gamble. How different the corps, both men and women, already looks from the corps of the 1970s! The dancers are younger and more elegantly proportioned. Their extensions are higher while the wattage of their individual stage presences is lower, subdued to the overall picture. In general, they're more nervous about projecting themselves, but they have more technique to project. No longer must A.B.T. audiences pay $35 a seat to suffer through a line of danseurs falling out of double air turns, each in his own unique fashion. And a house style is emerging. Among its characteristics are an extreme clarity of the body's outline, especially in air; a tendency to round off a dance image at the end of a musical phrase, giving a strong sense of cadence to the choreography; and a decisive, almost abrupt mime. The typical dancer's figure is sculptural and taut. If it had more lightness in the thigh and instep, it would seem Russian. If the attack were more impish and the mime more imaginatively motivated, we could recognize Baryshnikov himself as the model.

Those "ifs" are the premises of Twyla Tharp's "Once Upon a Time," her new work for A.B.T. Set to four ravishing dances by Glazunov, the ballet is an extended pas de deux for Baryshnikov (dressed in fashionable though conservatively cut street clothes) and corps member Deirdre Carberry (in a knee-length dress and oversmock), attended now and again by Elaine Kudo, Amanda McKerrow and Nancy Raffa, all below principal rank. As with "Push Comes to Shove," Tharp's A.B.T. work from the 1970s, "Once Upon a Time" is a portrait of the company and a piece of analytical criticism about Baryshnikov's virtuosity. As Tharp sees

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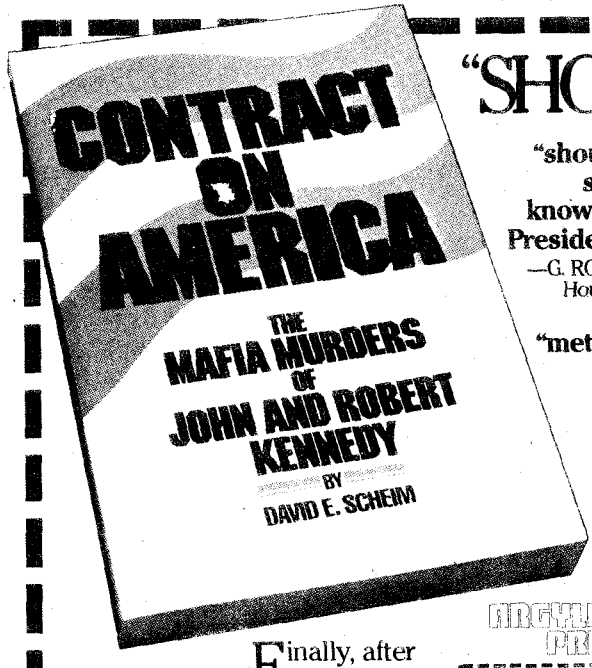

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it, the nature of that virtuosity has changed. In "Push Comes to Shove," what one remembers from the choreography for the Baryshnikov figure—now danced by Baryshnikov and by other people—is the way his weight is suspended high up in his body during turns and leaps, like a marionette with strings attached at the breastbone and shoulder blades. In "Once Upon a Time," the women maintain that sense of fantasy lightness through the speed of their point work and the uncomplicated positions of their upper bodies, while Baryshnikov's passages are marked by the plié, a lowering of weight. It is both strange and emotionally complex to see him turn as fast as ever but pulled in a downward direction, or to leap and pivot into a deep and perfectly placed grand plié descent. For the women, the fairy tale implied by the title is happening now; for Baryshnikov, it seems to be a memory. The plié acquires a psychological gravity; by comparison, the women's piquant steps make them look carefree, even fatuous.

The distance between competence and genius is civilly but also clinically explored. Under its considered salute to the czar's imperial ballet, "Once Upon a Time" displays not an ounce of tact. Although I can see how one might find it trivial, I thought it dauntingly brilliant and nervy. Also mercurial: its continuous redefinition of the Met stage using only five dancers is an accomplishment of Balanchinian refinement, and the image of Baryshnikov spiraling up behind Carberry, as if from an enormous distance, during a sequence of chaîné turns is especially deft.

Can A.B.T. provide us steadily with such images under the new regime? One can't ask much more of ballet than that it make one forget oneself in the object of contemplation, which is, finally, a dancer's quality of motion. "What does a quality of motion mean?" asked Edwin Denby in 1959. "A girl walking down the street looks wonderfully pretty at one moment and average-pretty at another. It is your luck if you can see her at the right moment. At the right moment she has for you her real life, and all of that real life from beginning to end is wonderfully pretty. In art that luck is an image, but in art to really have that luck, a flash isn't enough, it takes some time."

And time, as the poets say, is not given. It is made. How these images of motion arise, and how they touch

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off emotion in observers, are modest puzzles in our quizzical age. But they're the puzzles that bring dancegoers back night after night to the theater. □

THEATER.

RICHARD GILMAN

La Cage aux Folles

No one has ever been able to determine the formula for a good Broadway musical, but the prescription for a bad one that becomes a hit is readily available. The basic ingredients are these: a provocative subject or situation, lightly treated, domesticated; extravagant sets and costumes; the cooperation of reviewers who thirst for hits as avidly as do producers and who eagerly clamber aboard bandwagons as they roll into town.

La Cage aux Folles gives every indication of being a smash (ugliest word in the Broadway lexicon), despite modest critical demurrers. (Frank Rich's review in *The New York Times*, for example, was a model of evasion, of painful suppression of dislike in the interest of not appearing curmudgeonly.) When a juggernaut gets going, it *moves*.

La Cage came to New York from a trial run in Boston, where it was greeted with ecstatic notices. That is no recommendation to those who know of the low state of reviewing there, but it's been a source of much encouragement to the show's eight producers, who are keeping up the momentum by calling their product "The Broadway Musical," as though there were no others. Well, for some years Eastern Airlines advertised itself as "The Wings of Man," a similar, if more lyrical, arrogation.

La Cage is based on a French play which was turned into a movie that had a good deal of success in America several years ago, and it stays fairly close to the basic story. It concerns two aging homosexual lovers—the proprietor of a transvestite nightclub in Nice and his star female impersonator—and the crisis that occurs when the former's son announces that he intends to marry the daughter of a politician who's been crusading against sexual immorality.

Someone had the notion of hiring Harvey Fierstein to write the book, on the strength of his award-winning autobiographical play about gay life, *Torch Song Trilogy*. Fierstein has thoroughly eradicated nearly every element of the original's charm and every trace of its occasional abrasiveness; he has sentimentalized it, trivialized it and, in short, converted it to the flaccid, bloodless condition necessary for certain types of Broadway success. His method of retaining *La Cage*'s French provenance is to scatter a few *bon jours* and *bon soirs* throughout the dialogue and to write in *zis* and *zat* whenever he suspects his language is getting too far from the Riviera. Or is that (zat) the work of the actors?

Dismal as Fierstein's book is, Jerry Herman's songs are worse. It's tiresome to keep on mourning the decline of wit and exuberance in Broadway songs but Herman leaves me no choice. His music is flawlessly vapid and wholly characterless, his lyrics embarrassing. In the big opening number, "We Are What We Are" (later there's a song called "I Am What I Am"; the first is a transvestite anthem, the second a declaration of gay pride), a chorus of men in evening gowns sings about "causing confusion . . . half a brassiere, half a suspender . . . muscles and tits," and declares, "When my spirit starts to sag, I hustle out my highest drag."

This is Herman's with-it or tough-minded mode. His romantic one yields songs with lines like "What's left of summer but a faded rose?" and "Count on the loves who have loved you to the end of your life." The supreme example of collapse of the songwriting imagination, though, is a number in which one of the lovers remembers a song from their past: it begins "La da de da" (these syllables are sung and repeated several times), "something about sharing, something about always." "Yes, it's old-fashioned," I heard a young man earnestly tell his companions at intermission, "but Herman's a genius to be able to get that old-fashioned quality, a genius!"

It would indeed appear to take something like genius to snare an audience, however untutored and benevolent, with so inept and uninspired a work. But the real explanation has less to do with genius than with shrewdness. Everything about *La Cage* is dated, formulaic and predictable (the tacky sets look borrowed from *Fanny* or *Gigi*), except for the fact that its protagonists and chorus are gay. Through all the obligatory stages of old-fashioned musical comedy romance—the connection of the lovers, the breakup due to a misunderstanding, the re-establishment of the connection, the final apotheosis—the audience is aware of the oddness and "daring," for Broadway, that is, of the situation, and its attention is thereby sustained.

This is a delicate matter, and I don't want to be misunderstood. To have gay lovers at the center of a theatrical work is surely a matter of indifference esthetically and, I suppose I must add, morally too. The point is that the presence of these lovers, the *fact* that they're gay, becomes for most of the audience the theatrical experience, blotting out all

THE BRAILLE VOLCANOS

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We lay our hands on the two volcanoes.
I feel how it used to be;
Phoebe plunges into the crater after,
Where a little dome grows fat.

She pats and polishes the crown pushing out.
I rub the old lake,
Black-green, in those days
Clear water floating on dark.

The old symmetry is waiting for it to happen,
For the blind to feel the invisible change.

Her fingers show which fate went where:
The sharp Goat Rocks are gone, the blunt
Dog's Head survived.

Sandra McPherson

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other considerations. Gays are moved, understandably enough, by the satisfaction of seeing themselves brought in from the shadows; straight members of the audience are carried along, I believe, by their own self-congratulatory liberalism, their open-mindedness and, less nobly to be sure, their *frissons* at such *naughtiness*.

That it's all done so badly is irrelevant to such responses. What does it matter that the chorus line projects no shred of eroticism, either straightforward or campy (there are two women among the dozen dancers and the trick is to pick them out; it was easy), or that Arthur Laurents's direction is drawn from the most hackneyed sources, or that with the exception of George Hearn, who plays the female impersonator, the actors lack charm, skill and vigor? Something *historic* is taking place . . . or else something damn cute.

More and more often the shrewdness I mentioned before substitutes for intelligence in our theater, as in so many other areas of public life. It was shrewd of the creators of *La Cage aux Folles* to see that now was the right moment, to understand that they didn't have to worry about being inventive or stylistically adventurous, that, in fact, innovation could be dangerous to the success of their product. They had the hot situation; it would carry them past the old, forlorn and irksome placards announcing standards, the crumbling roadblocks to success by mass hypnosis. □

FILMS.

ROBERT HATCH

Zelig

Over a span of years Woody Allen has made for himself the public image of an intense little man who trots the streets of Manhattan and Brooklyn in pursuit of his identity, enlivening the quest with a steady flow of mordant witticisms. Whether evasiveness of ego is a personal problem for Allen I cannot say, but it strikes a response from a large segment of the movie audience. His character is as astutely tuned to its times as were those of Charlie Chaplin and Buster Keaton.

Now, in *Zelig*, he has pushed the fragility of identity as far as it can possibly go, devising for the purpose a film the like of which has never before been seen. Allen has gone back some sixty years and inserted into the documents, fads and artifacts of that era—into the newsreels, newspaper headlines, press photographs, popular songs, children's toys and social dances—a mythical celebrity known the world over as the Chameleon Man.

Leonard Zelig, a nonentity, a disregarded man, wanted so passionately to be accepted by society that he not only appropriated the vocations of his associates but spontaneously modified his body to accord with that of the most casual acquaintance. It is not uncommon for desperately aspiring men to display bogus credentials, but Zelig went much further. Chatting with a pair of rabbis, he would grow an instant beard; among fat men he at once became obese. Depending on the company, his features assumed American Indian, Oriental, African lineaments. Zelig, in short, was a nobody with a capacity to be anybody.

Naturally enough, a society avid for sensation took him to its heart; Lindbergh himself had not been more idolized. More seriously, Zelig's involuntary powers of adaptation caused scientists to re-examine their views on the immutability of biological form and the public at large to question the authority of science.

That is the broad picture of Zelig's notoriety and adulation in the years from the Administration of Calvin Coolidge to the triumph of Adolf Hitler. The intimate picture captures his life of loneliness and shame as a sideshow attraction managed by greedy relatives—and, more important, his prolonged psychoanalysis by Dr. Eudora Fletcher (Mia Farrow). A determined young woman in a profession dominated by men, Fletcher was convinced, despite the judgment of her superiors, that Zelig's malady was not glandular but emotional. By a brilliant ploy that must be unique in the annals of analysis, she arrests the kaleidoscope of his mental and physical processes, enabling him to become a relatively stable person and making herself famous from New York to Vienna. Along the way they fall in love and after some melodramatic passages involving Zelig's lapses from identity, live happily thereafter.

But though the personal drama is funny, touching and not a little bitter about professional arrogance and public insensitivity, it is not what makes *Zelig* a film of magnetic fascination and, I believe, lasting fame. For this is no mere historical fiction. Allen has laid hands on the past, that most adamant of substances, cracking open the tangible record to insert himself (that is, Zelig) into it. Much delving into archives provided the raw material, but I don't know how the sleight was accomplished. Photographs can of course be doctored; the front pages of old newspapers are easily faked; a man with Allen's gift for mimicry can readily invent songs, toys and other foibles to blend seamlessly into a bygone era. But what of the newsreels which, before television, were the visual diary of public events? Throughout the film, Zelig is seen as hero or bystander in mass scenes of great animation. He is the focus of a ticker tape parade, waving to the jubilant crowds that line the sidewalks of lower Broadway. At a Nazi rally in Munich, Zelig and Fletcher, intent only on their own reunion, rise from the brown-shirt mass and throw Hitler into confusion. The basic footage is unmistakably authentic.

We are familiar with the Soviet practice of removing inconvenient figures from the pages of history, but the insertion into those pages of a person who never existed is a new kind of chicanery. Having established Zelig as the most bizarre celebrity of that feverish era between the World Wars, Allen then "documents" his career by persuading several of our present-day social critics, among them Susan Sontag, Irving Howe, Saul Bellow and Bruno Bettelheim, to appear before the camera and comment on the Zelig phenomenon. Each of them does so in phrases utterly characteristic of his or her platform manner. Those interpolations, good-natured parodies of the solemn witnesses who appeared in *Reds* to comment on the career of John Reed, are deadpan hilarious.

Allen's purpose in *Zelig* is to astonish and entertain, but like most celebrated jesters, he puts an edge on his clowning. The extreme malleability of his hero can be read as a warning that we are becoming a people whose personalities are not autonomous but are accretions from role models who come and go like shadows. As for myself, when next some public figure begins to change his image on the advice of a pollster, I shall recall that Leonard Zelig was the only authentic Chameleon Man. □

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C	■	C	■	■	■	P	■	■	■	S	■	E	■	M
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U	■	■	■	O	■	E	■	R	■	O	■	■	■	N
B	E	S	I	D	E	T	H	E	■	P	O	I	N	T
S	■	L	■	U	■	■	■	S	■	■	■	V	■	S
T	R	I	A	L	■	B	Y	C	O	M	B	A	T	■
E	■	P	■	O	■	E	■	E	■	O	■	N	■	C
A	M	P	O	U	L	E	■	N	A	U	G	H	T	Y
K	■	E	■	S	■	B	■	D	■	S	■	O	■	S
S	O	R	E	■	D	E	N	O	U	E	M	E	N	T

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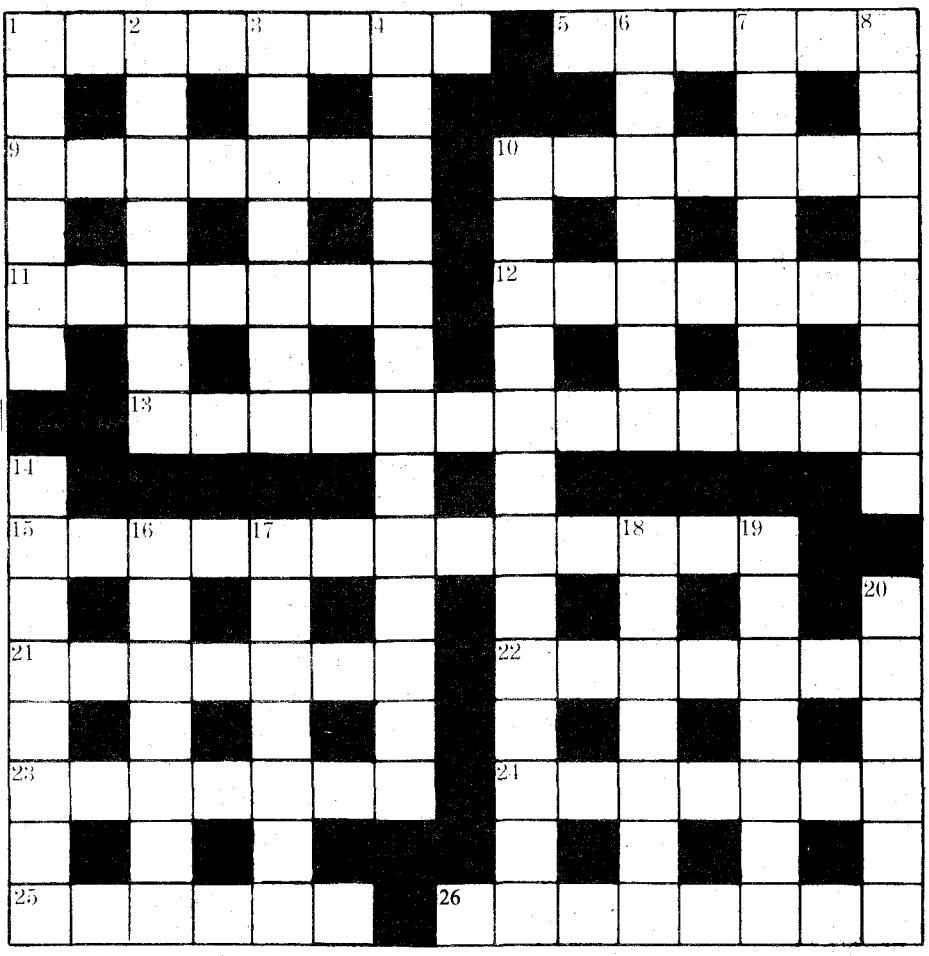

ACROSS

1 and 15 In the air of conflict, bluebirds were anticipated as being superior to them. (3,5,6,2,5)
5 Returns the vessel and what might be left of the fruit, but it's first class. (6)
9 The character of Justice has everything in production, perhaps. (7)
10 Cave, as they used to say, from which one might be an observer. (7)
11 A dull surface on a road in need of repair, with an animal dispatcher. (7)
12 A negative answer is nothing to me but offensive! (7)
13 When one might expect a concluding sentence. (3,2,8)
15 See 1 across
21 Sat again, being at rest . . . (7)
22 . . . and sat in a somewhat cocky manner. (7)
23 A man of the desert with a Scottish name —still, a man of the desert. (7)
24 Ducking sort of gave quite a racket inside. (7)
25 See 1 down
26 Easy manners by which people may travel? (8)

DOWN

1 and 25 across To seem next to this, perhaps, is at least a little bit of the solution. (2,4,6)
2 Lifted up by the deal Tex made. (7)
3 Oh Lady! I might be Fourth, as they say! (7)
4 One who might have pull at the bank, belonging to the writer responsible for at least one Buck? (Occasionally someone lost his head here.) (5,2,6)
6 It used to be considered a job for Tuesday. (7)
7 Sounds like 1 down—woe, most likely! (7)
8 They suggest calm and uncomplaining endurance is required in order for them to get better. (8)
10 Pine, perhaps, beneath gradual impairment —might make the winter seem less cold. (4,9)
14 Al, as they said, had something of a fracas with the Church of England. (8)
16 Hopefully put in for the union, I am shortly going to the factory. (7)
17 The fabric of inflated language? (7)
18 One might consider it a love that's gone wrong, to treat in an improper way. (7)
19 Does a drink of this make your retinas go slightly off center? (7)
20 What we might have after 1983 takes years and years, according to old sayings. (6)

SEE LAST WEEK'S SOLUTION AT LEFT

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